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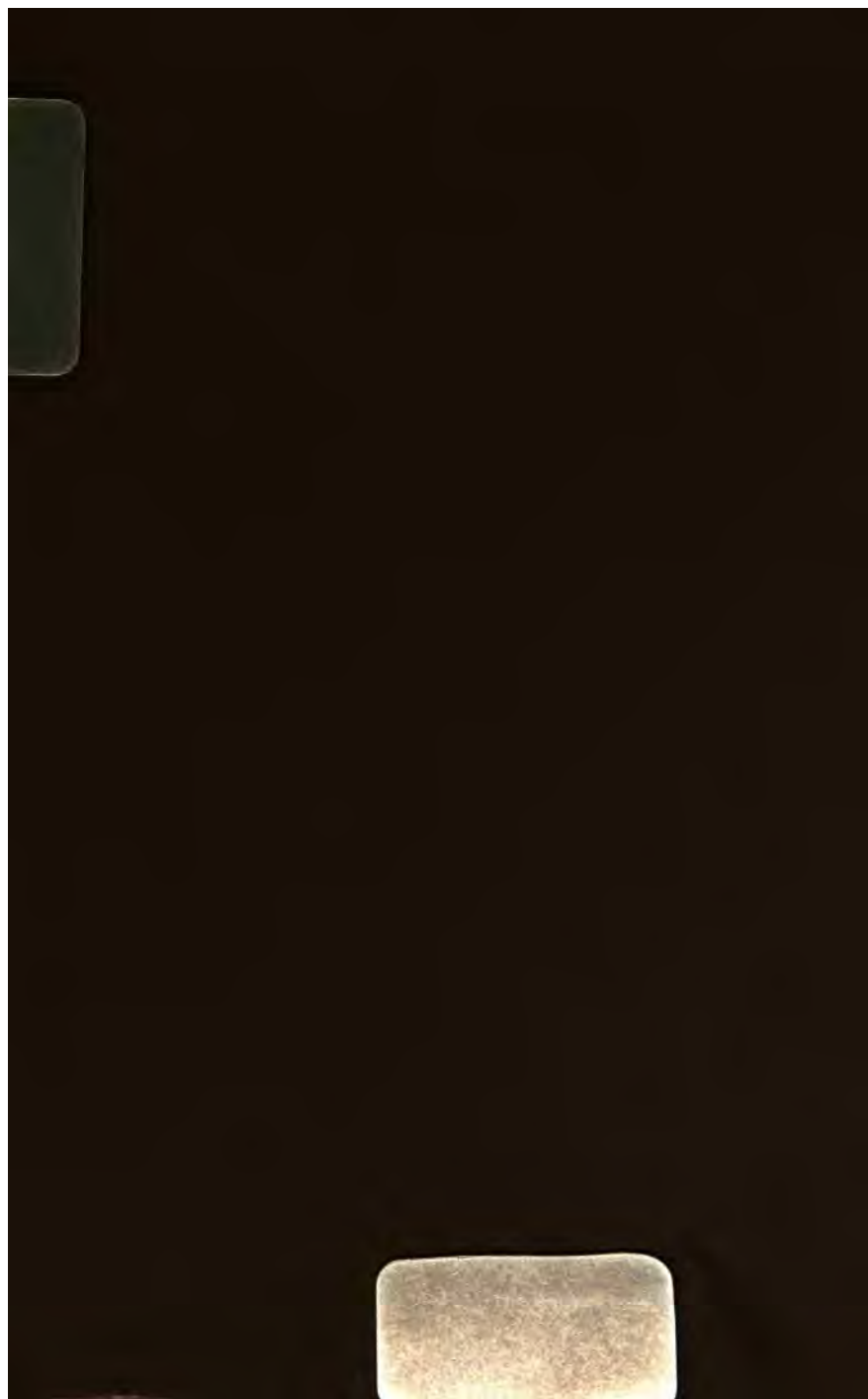
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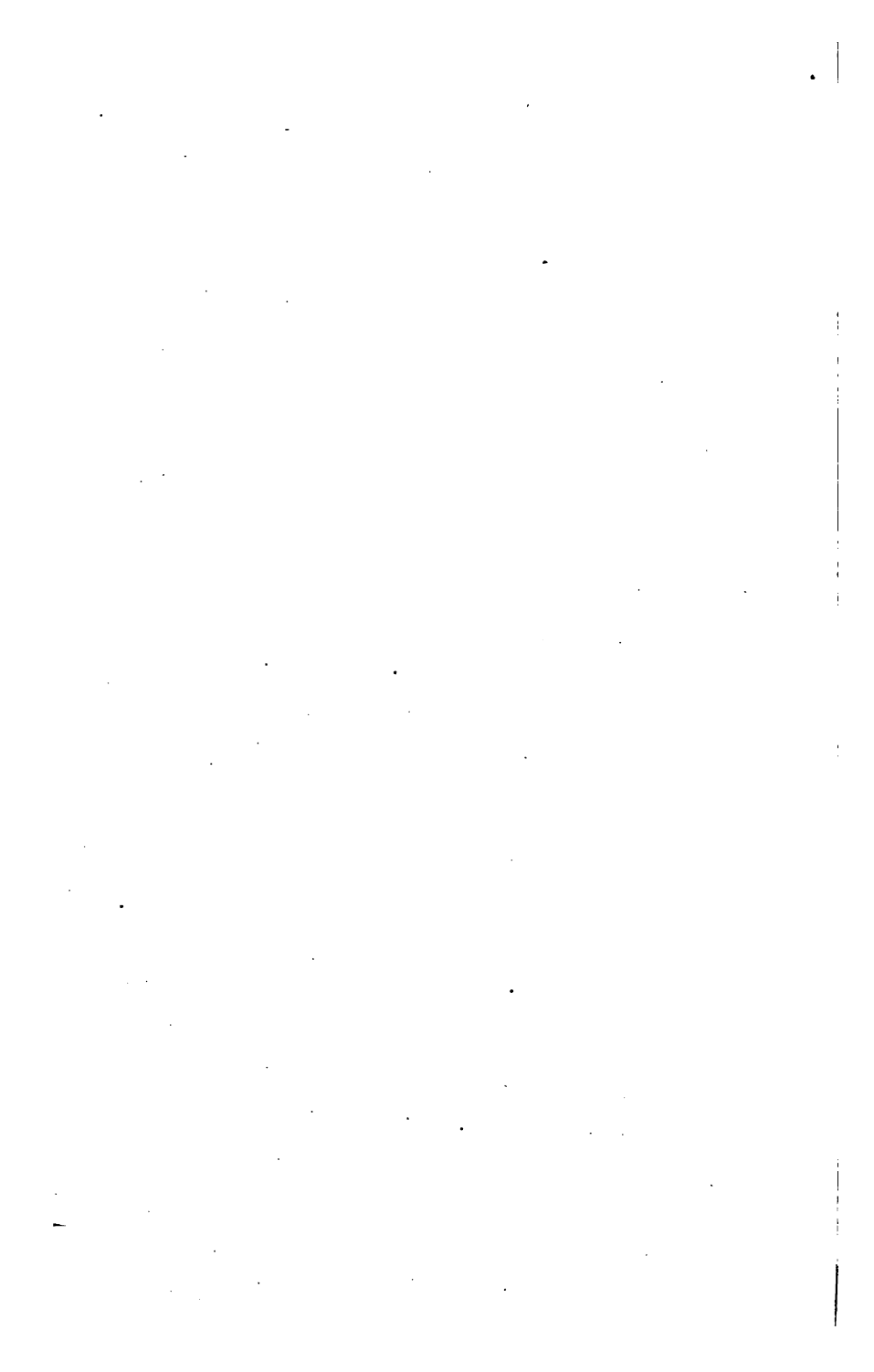
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OUT WEST:

OR,

FROM LONDON TO SALT LAKE CITY
AND BACK.

BY COLON SOUTH.

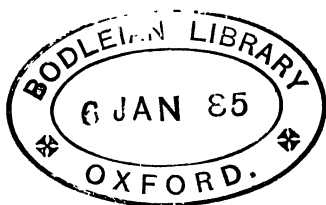


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OUT WEST.



PART I.—LONDON TO NEW YORK.



CHAPTER I.

Preamble.—Settling down.—La Belle Americaine.—
Une Affaire de Cœur.—Love at Sea!—Dreams.—
Fiasco.—Charms of the Ocean.—Fuit Ilium.—
English and American Ladies.—Climatic Effects.

HURRAH! for the West! From boyhood the author had entertained a penchant to visit “the freest and grandest country in the world.” There was a song we used to scream out in our schoolboy days in school-boy fashion to a schoolboy tune:

Oh! come to the West, love, oh! come there with me,
’Tis a land of sweet verdure that springs from the sea!
 &c. &c.

This effusion, vociferated as powerful young lungs alone can vociferate, was called singing. Nevertheless, it sufficed to impress upon the youthful and evergreen mind, that the West was a glorious place, fraught with irresistible enchantments. As also there was something about love in the rhyme, it

had of course an additional fascination for precocious young hearts, who imagine they fall in love with every pretty little girlish face they meet. On arriving, therefore, at the age of manhood and discretion, when an unexpected offer was made of a trip to America, it was at once accepted. It was imperative to start immediately, the business being of a most urgent nature. Having no "sweet love" to implore to accompany me, and hence fancy free, being light and airy as a daddylonglegs (an appropriate simile), my passage was at once secured for the morrow's steamer.

"Don't forget a bull-dog revolver and a bowie-knife," said one. "Be sure you take a repeating rifle, with a good supply of ammunition and a scalping knife," said a second. "You will find a pair of top-boots with a rough-riding suit, and a Canadian fur-lined ulster absolutely necessary," said a third. In fact, all kinds of suggestions were volunteered by kind and considerate friends, whose only knowledge of the country was as vague and nebulous as my own. Had all their recommendations been listened

to and acquiesced in, my luggage would have assumed Brobdignagian proportions, and my starting indefinitely postponed.

Hurrying home and energetically setting to work, by midnight I had safely stowed away in a couple of portmanteaux all that could be possibly thought of as requisite for the voyage—excepting, of course, the revolver, rifle, and other formidable accoutrements, so warmly advised by my friends. Leaving London early the following morning, I was safe on board the steamer by 5 P.M. The vessel was a noble one,—one of the largest and swiftest of the Atlantic liners, in reality a huge floating hotel.

After leaving Liverpool, we began to shake down into our places, and I was fortunate in finding that one of the best state-rooms amidships had fallen to my lot. A Scandinavian voyager took a fancy to my comfortable and princely quarters, and claimed them as pre-engaged by him. In a rude, swaggering manner he emphasised his claims, and insisted on my turning out, actually having the audacity to bring in his luggage. Doubting his veracity, I treated him with perfect *sang*

froid, then quietly went off to the purser, who I knew had the supreme authority in such matters, and who soon had the intruder, with all his luggage, sent right about face and relegated to a distant part of the vessel.

When we had somewhat settled down, my lines seemed to have altogether fallen in pleasant places. So, with a fair wind, fine weather, and a magnificent ship, everything presaged a most prosperous voyage. Fortunately, a lively, agreeable, and charming American lady was placed next to me at the dinner table. She was returning home with her mother, after a scramble through "Yewrup." She was a fine, handsome, accomplished young woman, clever and well read; while her peculiar transatlantic brogue was so slight and musical, that it was rather pleasing and fascinating than otherwise.

It is not therefore surprising that, my heart being light and free, of a sensitive susceptible nature, *La Belle Americaine* made a very favourable impression upon it. I found myself beginning to think thoughts and hope hopes, while indescribable visions of distant *cameræ obscuræ* came floating

around, ballooning me away into the airy regions of a bewitching Dreamland. Imaginary panoramas would unfold one above the other, of enormous lakes, grand rivers, charming valleys, resounding waterfalls, boundless prairies, and towering mountains, mingled with romantic homes amid gigantic primeval forests. In the midst of this enchanting grandeur of pristine nature would arise the apparition of one angelic being, who, absorbing within herself all my hopes, joys, wishes, dreams, aspirations, and ambitions, would become the central guiding spirit of a lovely, earthly paradise.

Wrapt up in such delightful chimeras, while seated on the deck one morning, a sudden lurch of the huge ship shot me off ignominiously, head and face foremost, on to the deck, nearly breaking the bridge of my nasal organ, electrifying my eyes, while ruby streams flowed from the purest of nature's olfactory fountains. My visionary sublimities were at once transformed into the ridiculous and painful reality. I picked myself up, inwardly observing, "Here's a conspicuous denouement for a valiant lover,

and great ambassador, with the fate of two worlds on his shoulders. What would my fair innamorata or distinguished friends and admirers in London say at this spectacle?" The deck of a ship, methought, is the world's finishing academy for correcting self-conceit and inflated dignity. It is the great leveller of portly hauteur and domineering pride, especially when mountainous waves so violently agitate frail nature, that the haughty lord of humankind "reels to and fro, and staggers like a drunken man, and is at his wit's end."

When about mid-Atlantic, with a calm sea, cloudless sky, balmy airs, a brilliant sun playing on the gently-quivering waters, and, above all, a sensitive heart overflowing with fresh tender emotions, while inhaling the exquisitely warm, briny odour of the ocean, the broad dazzling white expanse seemed like interminable Elysian plains. The entire change from the murky, dusty, half-suffocating atmosphere of London, with its surging human myriads, distracting commotions, and restless, harassing throes of business, politics, and factions,—to the

still, clear, bright waste of boundless waters, fanned by soft, soothing, southerly zephyrs, pure as the first breath of creation, was transporting in the extreme. A sense of complete, perfect relaxation, with an ethereal, almost supernatural, *abandon*, overwhelms the soul with a beneficent and salutary joyousness. To the worn brain and jaded spirit there is no mundane rest so perfect, no peace so satisfying as the wide, silent, heaven-meeting bosom of the placid, limitless ocean. With all the world thrown far aside,—with every harassing thought, doubt, care, and labour banished,—the mind, absorbed within itself and soaring on the halcyon wings of its own blissful imaginings, revels in the most luxurious and revivifying repose. Life then appears tinged with brighter hues, while a calm, comprehensive survey of existence reveals pleasures and gratifications hitherto unknown!

While thus enjoying the intensely invigorating beauty of the ocean scene, *La Belle Americaine* came and sat down beside me. After the usual salutations and compliments, *La Belle* said :

"Stranger, you are a very nice man, I like you very much."

"Thank you, how flattering," I replied, wondering what was coming next. Was she after all an adventuress? thought I; what can this mean? Does she want to borrow? After a few moments' pause, she resumed:

"Mother guesses you seem to have a kind of a kindly liking after me."

"Perhaps your mother is not far wrong," I answered.

"Well, I guess you are a very nice man, but I must tell you, I am engaged to be married!"

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, with as much diplomatic composure as I could command under such trying circumstances. "He must be a happy man who has won your heart,—would I were in his place."

"Well, mother guessed it right to tell you, stranger. My sweetheart is an Englishman, and such a nice one; I found him in London."

"He must be a nice man to please you, you have such excellent good taste," I said.

"I guess, stranger, you are joking," she

rejoined, just as her mother, approaching, said, "Daughter, come."

And "Daughter" went.

"*Fuit Ilium*," I mentally ejaculated as they went off. "*Fuit Ilium*, a change has come o'er the spirit of my dream. 'Farewell,' as Wolsey said, 'a long farewell to all my greatness.' Well, not exactly greatness, for that had been immolated a day or two before when taking my first unceremonious lesson on deck in the art of cultivating the nasal twang. No! farewell to all my glorious visions and witching reveries. The spell is broken; what must be must be." So I endeavoured as well as possible to console myself with the practical but unromantic, nautical apopthegm, "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

Nevertheless, I could not help feeling a sincere pang of regret, and only then discovered that my fair *compagnon de voyage* had made a deeper impression than might have been thought possible after so short an acquaintance. This is explicable on the "love at first sight" principle. Yet I admired and liked her all the more for the

serene candour with which she apprised me of her engagement. The thought then occurred to me that, although such an honest, straightforward course might be considered somewhat *bizarre*, and not strictly in accordance with the rigid conventionalities of English society, it was much more commendable than the scarcely less singular, though less demonstrative, behaviour of marriageable English damsels in general. How often do the giddy and thoughtless of the fair sex amuse themselves at the expense of their opposites, regardless of the delicate ground they are treading upon, and delighting in seeing their admirers swim in a sea of unfathomable bewilderment. It would save many a bitter pang if our fair sisters at home, with more honesty and candour, took an early opportunity to intimate to an ardent suitor when the heart was no longer fancy free. Unfortunately, this seldom happens. When a pretty, fascinating, and light-hearted spinster is surrounded with beaux, although her heart has already become tacitly engaged, yet the temptation to retain her circle of admirers and prolong as long as possible her

reign among the worshipped queens of society is too great to be resisted. Nay, worse still, the wicked pride of being able to boast of more proposals than a hated rival is too often the vicious incentive to unfeeling conquests. Then, when the day of reckoning does come, heartbreakings arise which might have been avoided by a little thoughtful circumspection and generous consideration. A moderate exercise of moral courage in resisting selfish and vainglorious promptings, would be far more laudable than pursuing a course which in reality leads to cruelty in the extreme.

On the other hand, there are many women who, though their hearts are free and inclined favourably towards a suitor, maintain a hidden and wavering demeanour, under the idea that they want to test the sincerity of their lover's attachment. They may be right according to their own orthodox theories, but men do not appreciate smiles one day and polar frigidity the next. When women are so variable and close, there is more behind than men care to unravel. They naturally argue, if a woman can be so

chameleon-like in courtship, she may make a good actress, but not a good wife. A woman who is all artifice and dissimulation before marriage is not likely to improve after. She can have little sincerity, and less stability, for making a happy home. Neither tergiversation nor cold insensate marble, are attractive. Icicles are fit only to be handled, admired for a moment, then cast quickly aside. Men prefer more genial atmospheres, — something more natural, open-hearted, and genuine. A woman who attracts one day and repels the next, supposing it the best way to test her lover's sincerity, labours under a delusion, and commits an egregious blunder, which she sooner or later learns to her sorrow. Many a prize has been lost by the display of subterfuge with stoicism.

Some mothers look upon it as a crime for girls in their teens to shed a tear in the presence of a man, and punish severely the commission of such a dreadful enormity. Girls are taught to stifle and dissemble their feelings. This may be called high training, but it looks remarkably like inculcating

deception. It is unnatural, produces strong-minded viragos, women of the world, who look upon men as necessary adjuncts to a domicile,—who marry for convenience, not for love or happiness,—who look on matrimony as a thing to be done, not as a wise ordination.

Turn for a moment to our much-vaunted systems of “improved” public education. What mean these crammed secularities and gnat-strainings—this ignoring of Truth and its Divine foundation? Whither is it all tending?

Two young ladies are returning home from school. A governess sees them to the railway station, and bidding them “Good-bye,” adds, “Give my love to Mamma.”

“Oh! yes, of course; I shall be most happy,” replies the elder of the two.

“Be sure you do, and don’t forget,” reiterates the governess.

“Oh! yes, I shall be sure to do it,” was the energetic response.

The train starts, when the young lady who spoke turns to her companion and says: “I

shan't do anything of the kind—as if I am going to carry her horrid messages ! ”

“ Then why did you tell a fib ? ” asks the younger one.

“ Oh ! Miss —— says there is no harm in telling lies, if you tell a whole string of them one after another ! ”

Secularities ! Camel-swallowing ! Is this the outcome of that “ improved ” training which is supposed to form refined tastes and give tone and depth to the inner life ? Is such the false standard on which is to be built up the coming true ideal of a graceful womanhood ?

Nature is most beautiful in all her modest loveliness and preservative instincts, but Art steps in and says you shall have nothing natural ;—all must be subject to cold and rigid formalities. Which is right, Nature or Art, or more properly artifice ? Volumes may be written on this subject, yet Nature will always triumph. When a man marries for a home and happiness, he prefers a woman who is sensible, consistent, unchangeable, and uniform,—not a volatile, fickle vane, quivering and turning at every breath.

One who is genuine and open—not reserved and mysterious. When he seeks a wife, on the principle that “whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing,” he chooses a natural, not an artificial woman !

Possibly our climate is more or less to blame, and tends to generate variableness and frigidity. We are so accustomed to wrap ourselves up in close fitting outer garments for the greater part of the year, that the external covering of the body reacts on the mental system, inducing us to wrap ourselves up within ourselves. The atmospheric nebulosity inseparable from our small islands, which our polite neighbours designate “*les brouillards éternels d’Angleterre*,” creates lethargic feelings which grow into habits. Undoubtedly our isles of the sea interpose a natural screen or watershed, for intercepting the bulk of the rainfall and oceanic evaporations, which come bowling along in nimbus clouds across the Atlantic on their passage to the European continent. Continual immersion in such a humid envelope produces natural results. Were this point fully understood by dwellers in the drier, elastic

air of continents, they would extenuate our national reserve, particularly when they reflect that their vivacity is purchased at the expense of our insular, fog-developed taciturnity.

CHAPTER II.

The Elderly Maiden.—The Journalist.—Mr. Pomposity.
 —The Little Rascal.—The Eternal Fitness of
 Things.—Scepticism.—Fashionable Frivolity.—
 Infidel Lecturers.—Learning run mad.—Evolution.
 —A Sea Mare's Nest.—Doctors of Divinity.

SINCE my American charmer had come to an understanding with me, we got on more smoothly together, and became very good friends. Most of her time being occupied in the saloon writing, I did not enjoy much of her agreeable and original society. But, *cui bono*? The spell had vanished, so my attention was divided between the usual deck amusements and observations on my fellow-voyagers.

There were an unusually large number of passengers, and of course some original characters. There was a middle-aged maiden of impenetrable summers, who was very fond of cards, and had rather eccentric

ideas of whist. When it was politely suggested to her, to lead trumps the next time her hand was more than half filled with them, she knocked the cards out of her partner's hand, exclaiming,—“I never was dictated to by a man in my life before, and I am not to be dictated to by *you* now.” The emphasis on the *you* was appalling to a weak-minded, nervous partner.

Then there was a passenger who styled himself a journalist. He was very clever, and had the gift of the tongue and pen. He started a morning paper in manuscript, copies of which were sold at a dollar apiece. The first two numbers were very good and amusing, and took very well; but it then descended to scurrility and personality, so quickly extinguished itself. The self-styled journalist then started a raffle for a silver watch, alleged to belong to a poor emigrant who would be without a cent on his arrival at New York. The list was speedily filled up and the money nearly all paid cash down. A few reserved payment till the day of the raffle.

The day prior to our expected arrival,

Mr. (so-called) Journalist asked the non-payees for their money, on the plea that all the others had paid their subscriptions. He was politely informed that the money would be paid when the raffle was about to take place. On inquiry as to when it was to be, he replied the following morning after breakfast. The morning came, but no raffle. Interesting inquiries were made by the subscribers, especially those who had paid; but the originator was in his state-room, packing, and would come soon. However, in the bustle and confusion of preparing to land, the "soon" never came, and it was charitably supposed that the "emigrant" had a bad memory and forgotten all about the money and the watch. "I guess that was a smart boss," remarked an American fellow-passenger afterwards, on landing in New York.

We had another very remarkable character of bombastic development. He had very elevated notions of himself, and hence very amusing. He was self-opinionated and dogmatical, spoke in measured sentences and Johnsonian paragraphs. He had a

powerful, sonorous voice, and the words would roll out of his rotund mouth like miniature peals of thunder. On being asked if he would join in the lottery—or, as a sporting gentleman called it, sweepstakes—which was being got up regarding the probable time of the vessel's arrival, he drew himself up to the full height of his portly dignity, and poured forth in reverberating tones :

“Sir, this magnificent steamer is a panoramic representation of the world in miniature. Here we have assembled, people of various nationalities, conversing in divers languages, some unintelligible, but all animated with the same passions and subject to the same idiosyncracies, sensations, and excitements that agitate the universe. Actuated by the volatile instigations of the transient hour, you ask me to join in a lottery? What is a lottery? It is another nomenclature for gambling; it is in reality gambling in disguise. And what is gambling? It is the greatest calamity that can afflict mankind, the most demoralising wickedness that can corrupt any community. It is the

ruthless destroyer of the tranquillity and happiness of the family domicile. It is the most powerful Satanic engine for encompassing the degradation and ruin of the human race. It is the colossal holocaust of crime, inhumanity, and iniquity,—the curse of peoples, the scourge of nations, and demolisher of empires. It is the awful purgatory of suicides. It entices a man on and on, by fascinating gradations, until he is imperceptibly carried into the irresistible torrent of unbridled speculation, only to be overwhelmed in the terrible vortex of some fearful catastrophe. Sir," he continued, with increasing emphasis, while assuming an erect, theatrical attitude, "never shall it be said or published to the world, that this hand belied its ruler, or that its owner had sunk to such depths of debasement, as to sign himself a disreputable and infamous gambler!" Throwing down the paper as he concluded his grandiloquent diatribe, he strutted off with an air of conscious and contemptuous triumph.

His remarks were evidently intended as a denunciation of the gambling so absorbingly

practised in the smoking-saloon. Had he delivered them in a calmer tone and with less pomposity, some wholesome effect might have resulted. It is certainly a melancholy fact that gambling has become a perniciously prevalent super-Atlantic pastime. It is often carried on from morning to night. It has been sarcastically alleged that gambling, once the bane of the Western World, is now transferred to the smoking-saloons and reading-rooms of the transatlantic steamers.

As a striking contrast to the foregoing, there was an amusing, precocious little boy, who delighted in tickling the nose of any gentleman he caught napping. One afternoon an old gentleman was fast asleep on an easy-chair on deck, and the young rascal was at his usual tricks. Beckoning him over, one said :

“You should not do that ; do you know what you are doing ?”

“No !” said he.

“Don’t you know that you are tickling the nose of the Lord High Chancellor of the great British Empire !”

“No ! am I ?—what fun !” said the little

tormentor rushing off, and stealthily creeping up to the old gentleman's chair, recommenced his titillations, until the poor old gentleman awoke, rubbing his nose, wondering what had disturbed him. The gentle admonition which was intended to awe the little Tartar into desisting only acted as an incentive to his innate mischievous propensities.

There was a fine clerical gentleman, with a noble, intellectual countenance, said to be a dignitary of the American church. He had a favourite expression—"the eternal fitness of things." This seemed to be a stock phrase, capable of general application. While conversing with him on one occasion, the subject turned to the prevalence of scepticism in the present day, and he was asked his view of the situation.

"Well" he said, "scepticism has existed in all ages in a greater or less degree, and it is certainly the greatest existing evil we have to contend against. It assumes such forms and disguises, that the difficulty to deal with it is immensely increased. Not only does it work openly, in downright hammer-and-tongs blasphemy, but, what is far

worse, in the insidious and plausible fascinations of so-called philosophy. The rampant, thundering atheist is not so formidable, nor so much to be dreaded. His blatant offensiveness disgusts, and so works its own remedy. So long as he enjoys a strong, robust constitution, he imagines the full vigour of his bodily energy is to last for ever,—that all men are mortal but himself. So he ‘frets and struts his hour upon the stage,’ but when age and infirmity creep on, and he finds his mental and bodily powers failing, his error forces itself upon him,—he recants and repents. One of our most notorious infidel lecturers, when overtaken by infirmity, renounced his errors, actually became a preacher of the gospel, and died a Christian. He had no followers but a few half-hearted sympathisers, who, on the recantation of their leader, reverted to the truth. So, in the eternal fitness of things, a great evil became an instrument for good ultimately.”

SELF. “But, nevertheless, these infidel lecturers must do much mischief, by deluding the ignorant into a fanciful and mistaken security, until their consciences become en-

veloped in a mirage of obscurity, which means nothing and ends in nothing."

DIGNITARY. "Possibly so, to some extent; but there must be always good and evil intermixed in this world. We cannot subvert it. It only the more completely exemplifies the eternal fitness of things. I doubt if these false prophets really mean all they say. They are often needy men, blessed with the gift of speechifying, and must earn a living somehow. So they take up a cry, especially a cry that pays. It must be something out of the common run; and to unscrupulous minds, infidelity is as good a cry as any other. If the man is clever, makes a good orator, he soon becomes notorious. The press advertise him gratuitously by publishing his erratic orations. He is done to death in the news columns. People flock to see and hear, and pay their dollar or shilling without a thought. They discredit his speeches, but must not be behind the age, nor crowed over by their neighbours, who have seen and heard the last novelty out. Even the *oi polloi* have a gauge of fashion of their own. In the fashionable world itself

much of the unbelief is superficial and feigned. Amid the gaieties of fashion, religion is ignored, because it is out of place. The topics of conversation are, as a rule, frivolous and vapid, one half meaningless, the other half worthless, retailed gossip. This creates an apparent atmosphere of worldliness and scepticism. In the best and most refined society,—the really sound, intellectual, and most enjoyable,—it is quite different, and the two extremes must not be confounded.”

SELF. “It is intelligible how minds that have been warped by running in certain narrow-minded grooves should entertain prejudiced opinions, at variance with common sense ; but how do you account for learned doctors and philosophical professors lending their high authority to create doubt, by disseminating theories which they must know will not bear the test of rigid scrutiny ?”

DIGNITARY. “It is learning run mad. A man with great intellectual powers becomes intoxicated with his success in life, finds himself flattered and applauded to the skies, till he grows inflated with the idea that he is the arbiter of the world’s destinies, and

possessed of attributes beyond his sphere. This germinates and fructifies into a proud and lofty conceit, until vaingloriousness, develops itself into extravagant chimeras. So abstract propositions are enunciated as irrevocable laws, superficially plausible, but which, on deeper investigation, turn out to be fallacious. I doubt if many of those scientists who pose as infidels are really so at heart. Take an infidel, talk to him direct on religion. He will either at once ignore the question and shirk it, or argue and strenuously combat every point advanced. Produce the most convincing proofs to refute his shallow theories, yet, with the most obstinate self-will, he will maintain his views with the greater persistence. But, take another tack: flatter him; tickle his self-love and vanity; lead him to imagine you think he is the cleverest man in creation, that no one ever before existed possessing such marvellous intellect and boundless perception. He will be all smiles, most courteous and obliging;—will meet your advances half way, till he will finally admit, that he does not know what he believes, and hardly believes

what he supposes he believes. His mind is an absolute chaos, and he will be half willing to assent to any common-sense proposition."

SELF. "According to your view, then, infidelity is practically self-love dashing blindly headlong down a precipice."

DIGNITARY. "Not self-love exactly. True self-love is aspiring, ennobling. It brings out the finest traits in human nature. What I mean is selfishness, which is self-love debased. Fundamentally, infidelity in its worst form is intense vanity, based on supreme selfishness. The infidel loves self—worships self. He ignores a Deity, for he makes a Deity of himself. The world is nothing to him. His world is concentrated within himself. Had he the supreme power for a day, he would tyrannise over the world, just as the demon selfishness tyrannises over himself, and enslaves him in the most miserable thralldom."

SELF. "It is extraordinary the theory of evolution should have gained so many converts, even among distinguished men. There seems to be a certain amount of science in it, just as there is science in pugilism ; but the

disciples of evolution appear to possess a peculiar mental calibre—prone to seize on anything that is new, for the sake of novelty, especially when it harmonises with their singular theories. They seize on anything, just as a drowning man grasps at a straw, because it momentarily relieves a distracted conscience.”

DIGNITARY. “Just so, just so, it is quite incomprehensible. Much time has been wasted over what is called a protoplasm or bioplasm. It is said to be found in the slime, in profoundest ocean depths, and was named *Bathybius*. It is said to be an organism without organs, to span the chasm between life and no life, which lives and yet does not live; yet this inconsistent incongruity is said to propagate itself, and self-contain the germ of terrestrial life! One of our American professors calls it a sea mare’s nest. According to subsequent discoveries, it turns out to be merely sulphate of lime. Yet, this inanimate absurdity is magnified into the origin of life! Scientists may propound what new theories they please, but they all fail in attempting an explanation of life, and how

it originated. As an able writer on the subject has stated, they are forced to seek refuge in the mystery of a miraculous creation."

SELF. "Is it not still more singular that some of our highest ecclesiastics should go out of their sphere to pander to the popular taste for novelty, by insinuating doubts where none should exist, and so envelop weak minds in fogs of perplexity, which end in a callous indifference to all truth. Instead of guiding the tone of thought aright, they rather follow the babbling bubbles of the day, add fuel to the smouldering embers of distrust, and fan the flame of incredulity into downright unbelief."

DIGNITARY. "It is singular, and nothing astounded me more in Europe than to see Doctors of Divinity descending from their high estate as masters in Israel, to tickle the public palate with highly-spiced morsels of old discarded questions. Doubts and difficulties, long since explained and exploded, are re-dressed up in the meretricious colours of florid rhetoric, and presented as novelties, to unhinge the minds of the unwary and unsuspecting. It is most deplorable that

men of undoubted erudition should thus prostitute their talents for the flimsy reward of transient popularity."

SELF. "It follows, then, from your remarks, that the reproduction of errors, clothed in alluring attractiveness, should inculcate misgivings regarding the very foundations of revealed truth, and tend to awaken doubts as to the philosophy of a future state; or, finally, to lead even a step further, and induce waverers to ignore an hereafter altogether."

DIGNITARY. "The one is the natural sequence of the other. There is no crime so cruel or so wicked, as for teachers of truth to suggest doubts where there are none. It ruins minds that are not properly balanced, and carries them into opposite and fatal extremes. It reduces man to a state worse than the first—worse than the most lamentable heathenism. Those who carelessly endeavour to subvert old-established truths, by a repetition of alleged new fallacies, incur fearful responsibilities. For it must be transparent to any ordinary intelligence, that this world cannot end all, and that

this life is not final. Apart from all elaborate disquisitions, the numerous evidences that surround us on every side, that cross us at every step of our lives, are plain and palpable to the commonest understanding. They practically refute the vague theories of materialists, which are not based on any substratum of clearly-defined data, but upon speculative hypotheses, enveloped in obscure metaphysical phraseology."

The ringing of the dinner-bell abruptly terminated our conversation.

CHAPTER III.

La Belle Americaine. — Her Foolscap Love-letter. — Columbus. — Custom-house Officers. — A Modern Inquisition. — “Meet Me Once Again.” — Good-bye for Ever!

“STRANGER, have you seen the Captain?” exclaimed *La Belle Americaine* to me, as she came on deck with one of the large saloon blotting portfolios under her arm.

“No, I have not,” I replied, “but will go and look for him. Is it anything I can do?”

“Well, I guess you cannot,—I want a great big envelope.”

“How large a one?”

“A very large one, large enough to take this,” she answered, opening the blotter, and showing me three of the largest-sized sheets of official foolscap, closely written over on both sides.

"What can all that be," I exclaimed; "a draft marriage settlement?"

"Not quite, but something not very far from it."

"What can it be, then?"

"It is a letter to my sweetheart in London," she replied, "telling him all about the voyage."

"You do not mean to say that you suppose for a moment he is going to wade through all that elaborate effusion?"

"I just guess he will, and a great deal more, too, if he could only get it, and then be very sorry when he gets to the end of it."

"You must have a strong-minded conscience," said I, "to think of inflicting such a penance on a poor man. Why, it will frighten the poor fellow out of his wits."

"I guess it will not; besides, it will have to last him for a very long time, because I will not write to him in a hurry again, and he will not get so much next time."

"Then you may be sure he will forget you, and drop you altogether."

"I guess sharp he will not do that,—I have got too fine a house and lands on the banks

of the —, and such a beautiful yacht. Besides, he has promised to come out next year to marry me, and that he is quite certain to do."

"Next year," I observed, "means never: he will be too frightened and exhausted, after plunging through that tremendous cataract of words, to think of venturing any further."

"Well, then, if he does not," she answered gaily, and knowingly tossing her head, "I will just go over to Europe and fetch him right smart. I just guess that is just what I shall do!"

This sally, emphatically and theatrically delivered, quite upset my gravity, and, smiling a diplomatic smile, I again offered to go and hunt up the Captain. On turning round, however, the Captain was seen approaching; and on his coming up to us, *La Belle Americaine*, in a pseudo-pitiful tone, related her troubles, implored the assistance of that gallant and distinguished officer, and then vanished with him to get her wants supplied. She obtained a huge, largest-sized, official, foolscap envelope, sealed it with sealing-wax,

putting a huge red official seal on the outside, so that her love-letter presented a most formidable document, thoroughly original and sensational.

Having made an unusually splendid and rapid passage, we expected to reach New York the following day. We were fortunate in not having seen anything of waves running mountains high, nor even an Esquimaux seated on the top of an iceberg, smoking his pipe, with his favourite dog by his side. I began, therefore, to ruminate on the thoughts which must have agitated the mind of Columbus, when, nearly four hundred years ago, he approached the then new and unknown world, and was about to gaze for the first time on its pristine beauties. How intense must have been his gratification, when, after years of wearying labour, opposition, intrigues, ignominy, and scorn,—after having braved the terrors of the vast and apparently boundless ocean, in small sailing galleons—after repeated conflicts with a mutinous crew frequently breaking out into open rebellion,—he at last beheld within his grasp the object of his dreams and the goal

of his life-long ambition. His own indomitable spirit had overcome every obstacle, vanquished every foe, till he stood forth, superior in the grandeur of his undaunted nature, as the greatest benefactor of mankind. No more would he be the butt for ribald jesters, nor the scoff of Europe; no more would he hear the hiss of contemptuous revilers, nor be treated as an extravagant visionary and insane enthusiast. He had verified his prescient intuitions and predictions, added another hemisphere to the globe, and won a glorious and undying name.

His mind was cast in the mould of heroes, and nobly did he perform a hero's duty. How overwhelming must have been his emotions when the glorious scenes of a new and beautiful world, in all its virgin and luxuriant loveliness, redolent with native fragrance, burst forth on his ravished and astonished view. Vainly might we attempt to realise his feelings when, landing upon that unknown shore, impressed with the awful solemnity of the occasion, he kneels down and reverently kisses the ground;

then, lifting up his eyes suffused with tears, he offers up a prayer of praise and thanksgiving to the merciful Deity who had so blessed his labours and so successfully crowned his hazardous undertaking.

My imagination endeavoured to form fanciful pictures of the new scenes that would be disclosed on the morrow, and I determined to obtain the earliest possible view of the greatest country in the world. Hurrying on deck at an early hour before breakfast, the glorious view that burst on my excited imagination was—a dense fog! This, then, was my anticipated brilliant introduction to the renowned, magnificent West! Had I, then, encountered the dreaded and terrible Atlantic, merely to see a misty white shroud, not half so good, so dense, nor so respectable, as can be seen any day at home! Our transatlantic cousins must no longer complain that their first hazy impressions of our tight little islands are sometimes like those of their own country, so ethereal as to be entirely indescribable.

Towards mid-day the atmosphere brightened, and we began to make prepa-

rations for going on shore. A number of Custom-house officials came on board, producing sundry documents for signature, one of which was a sort of solemn declaration. The name, age, profession, nationality, &c., &c., and what your intentions were,—all had to be stated. In fact, an inquisitorial examination had to be undergone before being allowed to land on “the freest and grandest country in the world.” It is practically a passport under a different name, only more stringent and irksome, because quite unexpected.

Then, what a paternal Government, wanting to know one’s intentions! I’d better refer them to my fair charmer; perhaps she might extricate me out of the dilemma. Besides, imagine a diplomatist being asked his intentions! Whatever his official or business engagements may be, in delicate *affaires de cœur* he certainly might be allowed to keep his own counsel. Was any novice in the art of love going to be so foolish as to publish to the American nation that, having repeatedly failed in Europe in ardent aspirations after matrimonial honours, and made

another futile attempt during the voyage, a fresh start was about to be made, with a clean heart and a clear conscience, to endeavour to recover a lost prestige? Was he to disclose how often he had been jilted by pretty flirts? How it had always been his misfortune to choose pretty faces, only to find that others had also beforehand chosen the same pretty faces to make love to? How this pretty girl was just going to be married, another had just got engaged, and a third started off for Australia or some other outlandish place just as he had made up his mind to propose? Would any mortal, as Mr. Pomposity would say, on the verge of landing on a colossal continent, swarming with angelic loveliness, sacrifice his adolescent reputation and demolish all his prospects in one disastrous explosion? Would any child of misfortune — poor, wretched victim of disappointed affection, — on the eve of experimenting upon the cardiac tenderness of his fair American cousins, be so demented as to reveal his sentiments precipitantly?

This rendering of official documents may

be somewhat hazy, influenced probably by the dense morning mist, but red tapeism is not always perspicuous, and a little more clearness would be an advantage. Probably some wonderful triumph awaits me in the brilliant land of hope and promise now expanding before my fevered imagination. I should certainly have collapsed long ago in despair if it had not been for the refrain of some inspiriting song sustaining me with "Cheer up, Sam." It may happen—and the contingency is frightful to contemplate,—that if some generous and lovely spirit with benignant smiles does not take compassion on the hymeneal aspirations of a blighted heart, it, viz., the heart, shall, in desperation, renounce all the follies and frivolities of life, retire to some sequestered glen, on an inaccessible mountain, become an ascetical hermit, and afflict an irreparable loss on a world so heartless and so unappreciating.

Amidst the confusion and bustle of landing, I met my divine enchantress once more. She was waving a handkerchief in response to friendly greetings from the pier, welcoming her back to her native home. Santley's

song, "Meet Me Once Again," flashed across my mind, while its musical echoes seemed floating around like soft, distant, Æolian harpings. "Meet me once again, once again!" What a delightful, melodious whisper, filling the soul with the most exquisite inspirations! But that silent, harmonious appeal, coming as it were from Spiritland, only recalled a touching chord of the past never again to be awakened. We parted warmly and cordially, perhaps for ever here below, leaving a bright and shining ray to enlighten the sombreness of memory's sky. She came, flashed across my path like a lovely dream, then vanished,

Like forms that pass us by in the world's train,
Creatures of light we never see again!

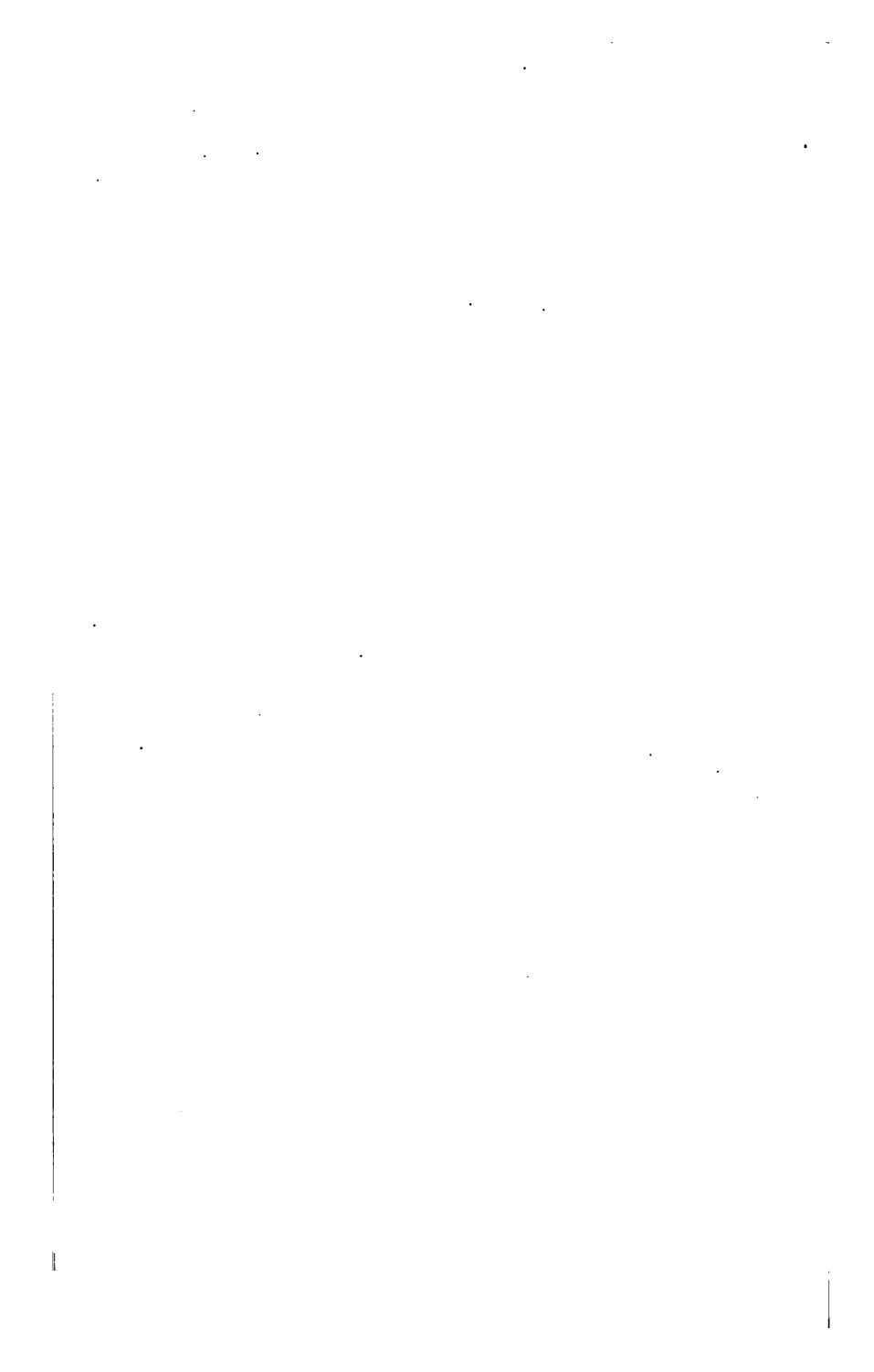
Farewell for ever, bright-eyed daughter of
the West!

There are none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee,
For like music on the waters
Was thy sweet voice to me.

Farewell to happy hours departed! May
thy affianced lover ever find the magic of

thy smiles shed a halo of perpetual happiness around thy love-fraught paradise, beside the broad flowing waters of the majestic ———.

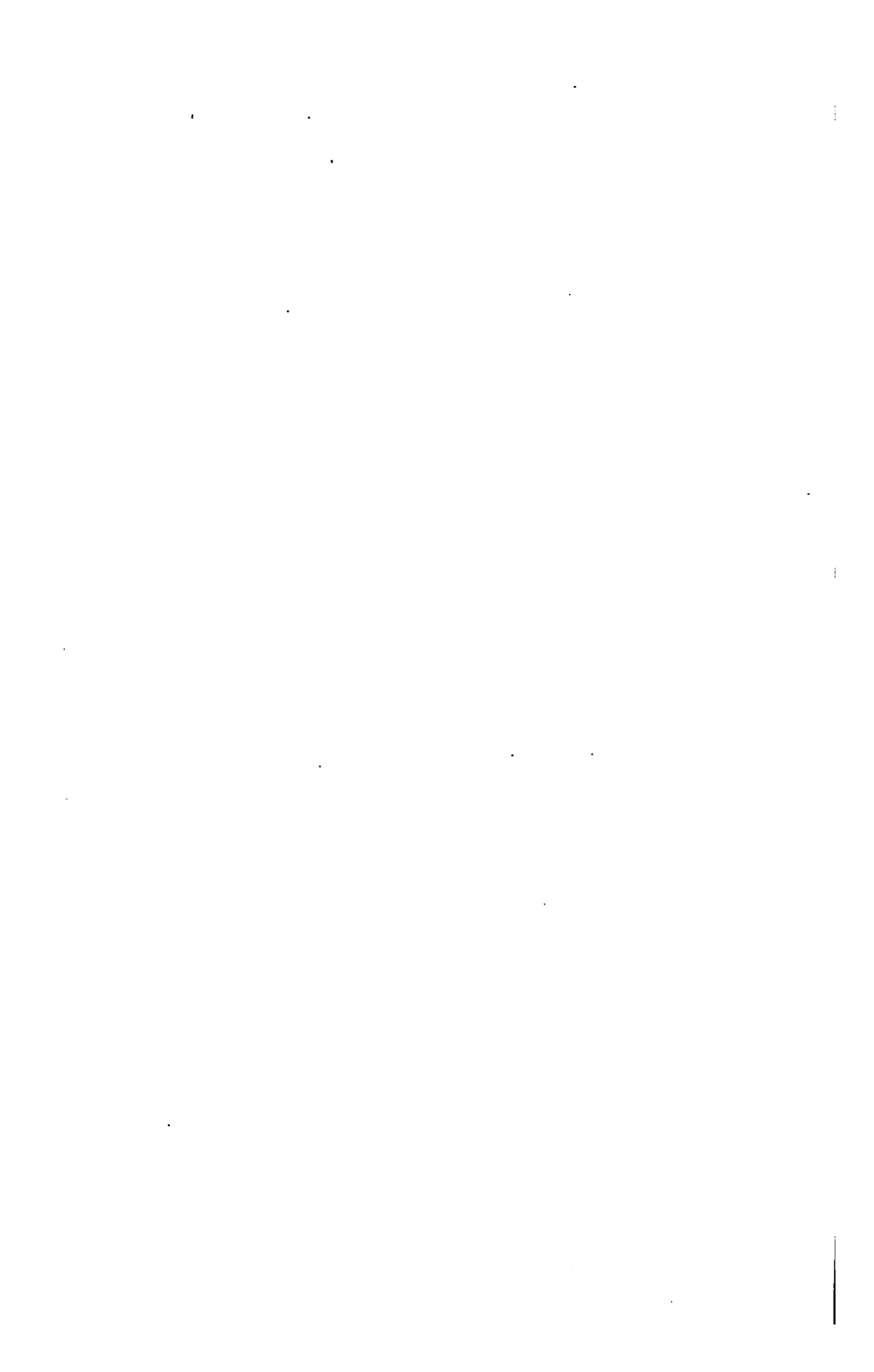
“Fare thee well !” From the innermost recesses of the soul wells out a last fervent. silent “God be with you !”



OUT WEST.



*PART II.—NEW YORK TO SALT LAKE
CITY.*



CHAPTER IV.

New York.—Landing Incidents.—First Impressions of The Broadway. — Elevated Railways. — An American's Opinions on Severance from England and our Beloved Queen.—Stories of Wall Street Speculators.—A Fashionable Beauty.—Trying It On.—Explosion.

TWO of the most striking objects on arriving at New York are, the new Suspension Bridge, connecting New York with Brooklyn, with its lofty piers towering into the sky, and the huge steam ferry-boats, with their great old-fashioned beam-engines, working their huge arms high in the air: these form the most remarkable features in the landscape. The ferry-boats are on a very large scale, and transport across the Hudson river vehicles of all sizes and descriptions, with teams of horses attached, and could convey even railway trains across if required. From the easy

and rapid manner in which these great steam ferries are loaded, unloaded, worked, handled, and controlled, there ought to be no difficulty in making huge ferry-boats to transport entire trains across from Dover to Calais in absolute safety and perfect comfort. A well-devised monster steam ferry would effectually dispose of all *mal de mer*,—be more economical and popular than the proposed tunnel. The main difficulty is the shallowness of water on the French coast, but this can be readily overcome by the present advanced state of engineering science. It is only a question of money.

An incident that forcibly struck me on landing, for it touched the pocket, was having to pay two pounds customs duty on a dozen pair of kid gloves. The duties on wearing apparel are excessive—nearly equal to the original cost in England. Eighty per cent. on silks is a caution to any one ambitious of entering the matrimonial arena. Then came another striking incident. While about to engage a conveyance to the hotel, a charge of sixteen shillings was demanded for a distance, as I afterwards ascertained, of

half a mile. An American fellow-passenger, who was near like a good Samaritan, advised me not to submit to the extortionate demands of the carriage proprietors, but send my luggage by the carriers to the hotel, which would cost a trifle comparatively, and take a tramcar for a few cents. Finding we were both going to the same hotel, we journeyed together.

This system of authorised carriers is certainly admirable. A brass number is affixed by a strap to each package, and duplicate numbers given to the owner. On arriving at the hotel, you produce your numbers and receive your luggage.

It is extraordinary that there are no police regulations regarding conveyances at the landing-places in New York, strangers being left to the mercy of sharpers, to be fleeced and grossly imposed upon. At the same time, we must not cast stones at our cousins. A tourist informed me that similar imposition is practised at Queens-town. When he went to America from Queenstown, he paid two shillings for conveying his luggage from the railway station

to the steam tender, a distance of about a couple of hundred yards. On returning from New York, a few months afterwards, with precisely the same luggage, a sum of ten shillings was demanded for the exact same distance, *vice versa*. On remonstrating with the porter, Pat naïvely remarked, "Ah! sure, your honour, you have been to 'Meriky, and have made a power of money, and the likes of your honour would not be after being so mane as not to give a few shillings to a poor boy who has been starving in ould Oireland all the while your honour has been living on the fat of the land."

On taking a preliminary stroll down the Broadway, the first impressions of this pride of Americans were rather disappointing. Its most remarkable characteristic is its great length, traversing the city from end to end, but its alignment is irregular. In some places it is narrow. There are many splendid buildings, but the roadway is in a most execrable condition, full of holes and deep ruts, worse than a common occupation road in England. The pavement was in a disgracefully uneven state, and you had to pick

your way to avoid stepping into pools of water. Before proceeding a few yards from the hotel my foot tripped against a projecting flagstone, and, like Columbus, I nearly worshipped the ground in a less reverential manner. It is necessary to walk cautiously to avoid tripping and falling, and to attempt to cross the roadway except at a paved crossing is only to get well splashed with mud and your feet wet. It is stated that the fault of this disgraceful condition rests with the city authorities, who have plenty of money, but lax in their duties. Corruption in the letting and working of contracts is the root of all the evil.

My mission to America having been satisfactorily accomplished, and much sooner than anticipated, it was only natural that some recreation after labour was necessary. Having come so far, something, of course, must be seen of the country before returning home. New York had to be done in a thoroughly orthodox fashion. A few days, with the aid of local guides, sufficed to accomplish the sights most important and interesting. It is superfluous to repeat what

others have described so well. The Elevated Railway is a singular and novel institution deserving notice. It is constructed from fifteen to twenty feet above the level of the street, on wrought-iron pillars fixed at the outer edge of the pavement, or else in the middle of the street, if wide enough. Where narrow, a single pillar with bifurcating arms is used, making it look like a railway pitchforked into the air. Where broad enough, two pillars are braced together. At junctions, crossings, and stations, the multiplicity of girders and bearers disfigure and darken the streets. A very unpleasant sensation is experienced in passing underneath, lest some *débris* or a passenger or child should drop on your head, or the whole affair capsize, and come bodily down,—it looks so fragile and unsteady. Passengers by the trains are above the shops, and can only get side-down glimpses at them, but then they have the privilege and amusement of looking into drawing-rooms and bedrooms, and occasionally seeing a New York belle disporting herself *en déshabillé*. The railway is a great convenience, and immensely

patronised, but it is also a great nuisance to shopkeepers and residents *en route*, who have their shops and lower stories darkened, subject to an irregular light, with frequent obscurations or shadows during the passing of trains. All privacy is, of course, destroyed, and property ruined. But, then, private interests were never for a moment considered, nor was any compensation paid for the loss of trade or depreciation of property. The city did it, and the citizens must submit. New York is a wonderful city. “’Merwica is the freest and grandest country in the world!”

In a conversation I had with an American of high position, remarkable intelligence, ability, and great breadth of view, he expressed an opinion, that the greatest blunder ever committed by Americans was to have severed all connexion with England. Had America, when declaring her independence, still retained some affiliation with the mother-country, it would have been better for both. America would have advanced with still greater rapidity. Wonderful as had been her progress already, the country

would have developed with far more gigantic strides. Her railways and public works would have been doubled, and her population by this time far exceeded one hundred millions. England and America united would have been the most powerful nation on the globe. They would have been irresistible, and become the arbiters of the world. Under their *ægis*, enlightenment, civilisation, and prosperity would have gone hand in hand together, and conferred immeasurable benefits on mankind.

Expressing my agreeable surprise at his observations and inability to quite follow his argument, he further explained that, by severing the tie so completely, England had sought fresh markets and outlets for its surplus population, capital, enterprises, and energies, all of which would otherwise have poured into America. The superabundant wealth and energy of England, now frittered away all over the globe, would have become concentrated, consolidated, absorbed the whole western hemisphere, and built up a colossal empire. Englishmen are monarchists, they cannot live without a central,

royal, and hereditary rallying-point. They are proud of a long line of ancestral heritages. They prefer to exist under English laws and constitutions, and they look upon young Republican America as a foreign nation, though speaking the same language and governed by almost the same laws. The old-time historical associations of England should have been grafted on to young American standards, and an indissoluble union would have been maintained. He seemed convinced in these opinions, and believed that even now, if it were possible to arrange a common basis for unity of action, cementing of interests, and a solid mutual understanding, it would conduce immensely to the power and prosperity of both nations and the benefit of the whole world.

He further observed, that during the great civil war, England had a splendid opportunity, but missed it. The South were not unwilling, on certain conditions, to return to their allegiance with Great Britain, and had that feeling been cultivated, England might now have had some voice in the

country. The day will come when the absorbing question will be, not a Canadian dominion, nor an Australian confederation, nor South African confederation, but a grand comprehensive confederation of all English-speaking countries throughout the world into one all-powerful, consolidated alliance.

On my suggesting that, if the Queen came over and made a tour of the United States, it would create a furore for a reunion with the mother-country, with a son of the Queen as a permanent hereditary sovereign, he smilingly remarked that the Americans have an intense admiration and attachment for Queen Victoria. She is the grandest of women, and the greatest representative and ornament of royalty the world has ever seen. If the Queen could visit America, it would have a wonderful effect. After a pause, he observed that a temporary and movable head of a state had many objections. The quadrennial elections for President let loose floods of corruption. At each presidential election some sixty thousand officers change places all over the country, while in England political changes are confined to the cabinet.

This ever-shifting army of officers clamouring for place and bread naturally gives rise to universal corruption at elections, and untold corruption afterwards. Those place-hunters who are fortunate enough to succeed know that they are only safe for a term of four years, and they must make the best of their situations. They practically realise the Scotchman's joke to his son, "Make money, Sandy, my son, honestly if you can, but make money."

The conversation then turned to Egypt, when the gentleman expressed himself very decisively. He was of opinion that England should take Egypt,—if she did not, France would. Egypt is indispensable to England as the road to India, and even Australia. When the population of the Australian colonies reaches one hundred millions, and its northern parts become peopled, the Suez Canal will be as indispensable to Australia as it now is to England. If England is so blind as not to secure the possession of Egypt when an opportunity offers, France will do so with avidity. Republican France, though ignoring Imperialism, still clings to

the traditions of the great Napoleon, whose opinion was, that whoever governed Egypt governed Asia, and whoever held Egypt commanded the destinies of the civilised world.

Apropos of the foregoing, I subsequently heard a story, which is worth noting, as it exemplifies the current of American thought. During the great railway riots at Pittsburg, the general commanding forwarded a cablegram with the latest news to General Grant, who was then in England, heading it thus : "From General —, commanding the Grand Army of the Republic, to General Grant, care of Queen Victoria, Windsor Castle, England."

Having occasion to visit Wall Street, I heard a good story of a great American speculator. He had ordered his broker to buy a large amount of speculative stock, which order was executed. The next morning the stock, contrary to expectation, went down. The broker came in the greatest consternation to his client to consult as to what had best be done. His client coolly told him to go in and buy double the first amount already bought. "What," said the

broker, "you lose one hundred thousand dollars in a day, and coolly tell me to go and double the transaction!"

"Never mind," replied his client, "do what I tell you," which the broker did. In a couple of days there was another heavy fall, the broker went again to his client to advise him to sell out, as it was expected the stock would fall still lower. His client, on the contrary, and to the mortification of the broker, ordered him to purchase a further large quantity. This was done. When settling day came, the speculator called at his broker's office, producing a cheque for the whole of the stock purchased, and demanded its immediate delivery. The party who had sold was unable to deliver, not having the stock, and was compelled to go into the market to obtain it. This sent the price with a rebound, considerably above what the speculator had purchased at, so he resold and cleared out at a large profit. By sheer pluck, therefore, the speculator made a large sum of money without parting with a penny.

"Hah!" remarked my informant, "you

English do not understand speculating; you must come over here to take lessons. You are far too timid, and have no chance against an American. You do not understand 'corners' as we do. Our great object is to get the monopoly or entire control of a stock in our hands, and having once got it to keep it. You can then do as you like with it, put it up or down as you please, making money both ways. One of the cleverest men on the London market, a notorious stock-gambler, tried to cope with an American, but he was hopelessly beaten, and never tried it again. He began bearing or selling American stock in large quantities, which it was known he did not possess. He went on throwing the stock on the market as fast as he could, and it was all readily bought up at continually-reduced prices. At last, as a final effort to knock the prices down to a very low figure, he sold a very large quantity. It was at once bought up, the buyer stating he would take any quantity more at the same price. This staggered and checked the seller, and when settling day came he was unable to deliver,

having largely oversold what he never had. He asked for time, but this would not be allowed. The stock rebounded upwards to a very high figure, he was unable to buy and complete his bargain, except at a very heavy sacrifice, so was forced to compromise with the American, by paying him a very large amount in cash, for, in reality, nothing else than as a penalty for his rash attempt to outdo an American."

Accidentally one afternoon, by way of diversion, I slipped into the hotel drawing-room, in the hope of meeting an angel unawares. There were several captivating beauties residing at the hotel. They were dressed in the very height of fashion,—a combination of London tacked on to Paris, and the hybrid was such an extravagant amplification of both, that European artists would open their eyes wide and hold up their hands aghast in astonishment. This exuberance in dress is probably necessary to keep the presumptuous and forward beaux at a proper distance, but it is very embarrassing to the modest and bashful. In accompanying a lady into the dining-hall, it requires some

agility and dexterity to avoid the noble sweep of her expanded tails, which, spreading fan-like around, sweep the floor cleaner than a housemaid's brush. A lesson might be learnt from the peacock, the most beautiful and most sensible of all birds, which when walking folds up its tail and carries it gracefully in the air. But then belles everywhere prefer æsthetics to vulgar and more beautiful nature.

There was one lady guest who took the lead as the acknowledged belle. The amplitude of her circumferential as well as natural charms were sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious. An old gentleman, her supposed stern parent, seemed to monopolise her society. She was seated in the drawing-saloon alone. Being myself of an ambitious nature, and always acting on the principle "aim high and you are sure not to strike low," here at once stood boldly out a legitimate object for a deed of chivalry. Here was, perhaps, an ill-used daughter, with a severe stern parent, rarely allowing her out of his sight, lest she should choose for herself. What a splendid opportunity

for a brilliant act of philanthropy, to rescue a lovely maiden from a life of miserable tyranny, fly with her to the uttermost ends of the earth, and make her supremely happy for ever! With diplomatic forethought, a plan of operations was decided upon in accordance with the most approved principles of society. So, boldly breaking the ice by a polite remark, we conversed together agreeably for some time, and then parted. The next day, on seeking for the fair enchantress, she was nowhere to be found. Had the stern father suspected the advances made, or, worse still, discovered the plot (though wrapped up in the innermost bosom), and fled with his lovely daughter to some unknown region? In a state almost bordering on frenzy, anxious inquiries are made, when it was discovered there had been a grand explosion! The admired of all admirers, the magnificent circumferential amplitude, had suddenly disappeared. The beautiful enchantress turned out to be an—adventuress. She had cleverly managed to borrow a good round sum from the rich old gentleman, who was not her stern

parent, and—decamp ! *Eheu ! quam flebilis occidit !*

This episode rather damped my ardour for further exploration amid fields that seemed so green afar off and speculative, and where more experienced and valiant veterans had been so hopelessly vanquished. It was much safer and more rational to devote attention to less exciting pursuits. The matter-of-fact and practical is more congenial to ordinary quiet tastes. Having still plenty of time to spare before returning to England, it seemed advisable to see as much as possible in the shortest time. A run right across the continent from east to west presented the most attractions. I therefore took a stop-over ticket from New York to San Francisco, about 3,500 miles, which cost about £26, and would enable me to stop anywhere and any length of time at pleasure. My intention was to run hastily through the whole distance, stopping only at a few principal places for rest, and then to work my way back more leisurely, sight-seeing.

CHAPTER V.

Departure West.—The Engine Bell.—Luggage Facilities.
—Advertising Mania.—Chicago, Past and Present.
—An Impressive Service in a Theatre.—An Exciting Chase.—Robbery of a Passenger.

THE first stage of the journey was from New York to Chicago, a distance of about 1,000 miles, which would occupy two days and a night. One of the great novelties on the railway was the large ornamental brass bell carried in front of the locomotive engine. This bell is kept ringing at starting, stopping, approaching, or passing through a city, and at level crossings. It is a most effectual method of warning the approach of a train, for the bell has such a very loud, musical, and sonorous tone, that it can be heard for long distances. Every locomotive is compelled, by Act of Congress, to carry a bell and ring it as described. On

passing through a city, the bell rings the whole time, while the train proceeds at a very slow pace. It is amusing to see how it will stop at any street crossing, most convenient to set down a passenger, and then move on, and stop again, wherever required, like any omnibus or tramcar. This consideration for the convenience of the public is very different to the off-hand and often rude treatment of passengers in England, who are never allowed to get out of a train except at a platform.

The arrangements regarding passengers' luggage are a most satisfactory improvement. All luggage is given up at the starting station, a large numbered brass ticket with the name of the city you wish to stop at is strapped on to each article, and duplicate miniature numbers are given to the owner. Nothing further is necessary, except to take care of the duplicates. On arriving at your destination you inform the conductor of the train the hotel or address you wish to go to, when a man comes round, exchanges your duplicates for others, and on arriving at your hotel or address, your

luggage is either awaiting your arrival, or follows immediately after. A trifle per package is paid for the accommodation, which saves much trouble, anxiety, and annoyance. The London and North-Western Railway, who are ever ready to consult the comfort and convenience of passengers, have lately introduced the system at the principal towns on their line, viz., London, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, &c. It is certainly a very laudable experiment, deserving of success. The uniform charge of sixpence per package requires modification. There is a considerable difference between a bag or hand valise and a lady's huge travelling boudoir, which sometimes requires two men to lift it.

A remarkable peculiarity that presented itself all along the route was the extravagance and ingenuity displayed in advertising. Every available point of advantage in passing through the country, or approaching to and passing through a town, is seized upon for a monster advertisement. Gable ends and sides of houses, walls, trees, rocks, boulders, the rocky escarpment of precipi-

tous hillsides, are all utilised in some form or other. The inventive faculty exhibited in puffing off articles is marvellous, and often highly amusing. The advertisements chiefly refer to articles for the toilette and domestic use, cosmetics and patented panaceas for universal application. The most noticeable puffs were polishes for fire stoves and grates, zozodont for the teeth, sewing-machines, fever and liver remedies. Cures for liver complaint were paraded everywhere in profusion, as if it were the great infliction of the country and climate, while fever medicines prevailed in wooded and marshy districts. The necessity for fever antidotes was self-evident in malarious backwood districts and new clearances, but the physiology of the prevalence of liver diseases was not so palpable nor intelligible.

Having decided to stop over at Chicago, I found a night's rest most refreshing, after thirty-six hours' continuous travelling; so resolved to remain a day or two to see a city which enjoys such a marvellous reputation. Starting some fifty years ago from

a few settlers' huts on the mouth of a small river, debouching into the wide expanse of Lake Michigan, it rapidly grew into a great city. Being built almost entirely of wood, like nearly all the young cities out West, it was almost wholly destroyed during one of the most disastrous and extensive conflagrations that have perhaps ever happened. It has now arisen Phoenix-like out of its ashes, a grander, more substantially built, and more beautiful city than ever. It is unquestionably a most remarkable place, and its rapid development from a few log huts to a magnificent and populous city is, perhaps, almost without a parallel. The streets are fine, broad, and airy, lined with splendid piles of buildings, built of iron, stone, and brick. The inhabitants seem determined to be fully prepared against any second conflagration. Iron enters largely into the construction of the ornamental columns and frontages to houses and shops, producing a very handsome effect. Many of the designs are exceedingly artistic and beautiful. This city is said to increase more rapidly than any other city in the United

States. Its admirable situation on the southern shores of Lake Michigan makes it the natural and most central emporium for all the products of the immense tracts of rich country stretching out to the west and north, as well as south. Every day it is advancing, and promises soon to become the queen of western cities. On my expressing to an American my admiration of the place, he replied: "It looks grand, and as if the people were wealthy, and all millionaires. But every one in Chicago is poor, and it will take many years to recover from the effects of the great fire. The city has been rebuilt with borrowed money, and restocked with borrowed money. There is hardly a house that is not mortgaged to eastern capitalists. Strangers think Chicago a grand and rich city, but it is nearly 'busted,' and it will be a long time before it gets round again."

With all its magnificence and future promise, Chicago has one serious drawback, viz., it is subject to sudden changes of temperature. The transition from the extremes of heat to bitter cold is sudden.

When the wind blows off the land it is warm, but when it blows down the lake from the north it is very trying. You may walk quietly along the sheltered side of the street in a broiling sun, almost panting with the heat, then on turning round a corner you encounter a sharp, piercing wind, which makes you shiver and hurry home to get your thickest overcoat. This is very trying and severe even to the most robust constitutions.

The following day being Sunday, an additional day's rest was decided on. The city being the headquarters of the celebrated Evangelists, I sought out their tabernacle, but found it closed. The Evangelists were absent on a tour, while the tabernacle was being repaired. On retracing my steps homeward, I observed a theatre open, and people crowding in. The singularity of a theatre open on the Sabbath induced me from curiosity to follow the crowd. On entering, the theatre was crammed. The stage had been converted into a platform, upon which were seated a clergyman behind a low desk, a lady at a small organ, with the

leader of the choir by her side, and a service was about to commence. The crowd was excessive, not a seat was to be had, and there was barely standing room. The form of service was congregational, the singing really beautiful, and the sermon profound, eloquent, and well delivered. The fact of the service being held in broad daylight in a darkened theatre tended to make it more solemn and effective. The choir consisted of paid professional singers, and was an admirable one. The entire congregation joined in the singing as with one voice, pouring forth a magnificent volume of melody. The singing of the chorus of one of the hymns—

In the sweet by-and-bye
We shall meet on that beautiful shore—

was given with wonderful harmony and feeling, producing an impression seraphically sublime. There was scarcely a dry eye visible, and even gentlemen in numbers could be seen furtively wiping off a tear. I have heard many fine choirs and choruses before, but never experienced anything so impressive and celestial. On inquiry, after the service

had ended, I learnt that the preacher was one of the most popular and celebrated ministers in the country, Dr. Swing, and that the theatre had been engaged for Sunday use as a temporary home for the congregation during the erection of the church. Every seat in the theatre had been purchased by the congregation for the Sunday services, and not one was to be had at any price.

Chicago is generally represented as exemplifying the two opposite extremes of good and evil. It combines Heaven with a nether place. It is a collection of saints and sinners;—a mixture of the highest types of purity and innocence with the vilest forms of wickedness and sin. Such may or may not be the case, and such mixtures are not uncommon, but my acquaintance with the city, though short, was happily all *couleur de rose*, and long may it so continue.

On Monday my journey was resumed. A day and night's travelling would bring me to the end of the next proposed stage. Omaha, on the Missouri, or as some locally pronounce it *Muzzouri*, river. We had some

excitement during one part of the journey, said not to be unusual in western travelling. The train had just left a station in a wild and sparsely-peopled district. It was proceeding slowly, when a hue and cry was suddenly raised, the train stopped and backed into the station. A man was seen running across country, making tracks for a dense forest about a mile off, followed by a dozen or more others in hot pursuit. When he had reached about halfway to the forest, two of his pursuers were closing on him, he suddenly stopped, drew a revolver, turned round on his pursuers, and threatened to shoot them if they advanced a step further. The cry then arose, "He has got a six-shooter!" After a little delay, three or four others started off with guns and rifles, but before they could get very far the man had got into the forest, when the pursuit was abandoned as hopeless. It then transpired that the man hunted was one of the confidence men or sharpers who infest the trains running west on the look out for emigrants with money. He had wormed himself into the good graces of one who

carried five hundred dollars in notes in his pocket-book, and had been stupid enough to exhibit them. As the train was leaving the station the sharper was standing by the side of his newly-acquired intended victim, and, watching his opportunity, plunged his hand into his victim's pocket, seized his pocket-book, jumped off the train while in motion, and made across country as fast as he could—hence the outcry and commotion. The emigrant remained behind, as the train went on, to try and recover his stolen money. The general impression was that he would never see his money again, for it is impossible to stop and trace bank-notes in the western wilds as readily as it can be done in London.

It is astonishing how readily the uneducated are imposed upon, and how easily they become the prey of sharpers in their own station of life. They do not seem to care for nor trouble themselves about taking the simplest precautions against frauds which are of every-day occurrence. If they have a little money they are proud of it, talk about it, and display it. They imagine it gives them a degree of importance, little

thinking that sensible people laugh at them for their folly, while knaves and rogues take advantage of it for their own benefit. They believe that the money is nowhere safer than in their own pockets, and distrust all the facilities and securities offered by bank drafts or credit notes. I congratulated myself on having taken the precaution to carry only a few dollars with me for current expenses, and the bulk of my funds in credit drafts payable where required. This safeguard is absolutely necessary, for, in addition to the tricks of confidence-men and pick-pockets, the trains are sometimes attacked in wild lonely districts by bands of marauding outlaws, and every passenger relieved of everything they may carry about them in the way of coin, watches, &c., besides sometimes having their luggage ransacked and cleared of anything valuable.

CHAPTER VI.

Luxury of a Restaurant Car.—Omaha.—A Prairie Farm.
—Delights of Prairie Life.—How to Travel Comfortably on a Pullman Sleeper.—Rocky Mountains.
—An Eccentric Hotel Keeper.—Arrival at Salt Lake City.

ON the run between Chicago and Omaha, 492 miles, I enjoyed, for the first time, the pleasure of taking all meals on board a restaurant car attached to the train. There are several routes, and that known as the Rock Island is considered the most direct and prettiest, with more varied scenery. The plan of eating as you roll along is an improvement on the crowding, elbowing, crushing, hurry and skurry, rush and bolt, grab and swallow what you can, system of Europe. It is really delightful to take one's meals comfortably and leisurely while spinning away at express speed, and finding

that during your enjoyable repast some sixty to seventy miles of ground have been traversed. It is quite entertaining to whizz along to the tune of some local poet's graphic verse :

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting over arches,
Rumbling over bridges ;
Whistling past the stations,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Dear me, this is pleasant,
Dining on the rail.

It is more than pleasant, it is luxurious, and above all salutary. Meals are taken comfortably, without impairing the digestion or irritating the temper. They are served up, too, in a style that would satisfy the most fastidious epicure. The charge is uniform—three shillings for each meal. Hot dishes are served up at all meals, with ample variety to select from. At dinner, the menu comprises a choice of soups, fish, entrées, roast and boiled beef, mutton, turkey, poultry, game, vegetables, and dessert, with all fruits in season. Of wines and potations

of all kinds, alcoholic and temperate, there is a wide range to choose from. The restaurant car comprises a dining-room, bar, smoking-room, and kitchen. It is furnished with every requisite for comfort, as in a first-class hotel.

On arrival at Omaha, I determined to stop over for a day or two, to see the sights and proclivities of the place. The approach to the city, which lies on the west bank of the Missouri river, is over a very fine, long, and peculiarly-constructed iron girder bridge, of eleven spans, each 250 feet long, and elevated 50 feet above the highest floods. It is a very light looking structure, and the train proceeded very slowly and cautiously over it. The river was in full flood, and presented a very imposing spectacle. I went to the largest hotel, the Grand Central, a very fine building, and found it, like all American hotels, most comfortable.

Omaha is a rising young city. An extensive series of streets have been laid out in every direction, with the evident ambition of making the city the great emporium of

Nebraska. It is called "a live place," is rapidly growing, and already commands an enormous trade. It contains a fine silver refining and smelting establishment, said to be the largest in America. This is well worth a visit. I found the manager most courteous and obliging, and lucid in his explanation of the various processes. There are, besides, vast brickyards, turning out enormous numbers of bricks annually, with other factories, breweries, and distilleries. The city, like the State, is rapidly progressing, and bears evidence that it will ere long occupy a position of the highest importance.*

At the hotel I made the acquaintance of

* According to the last Report of the Omaha Board of Trade for 1883, the population of the city has increased to 60,000, and the advance in real estates has been unprecedented. Values have in some instances doubled. Properties amounting to \$8,000,000 have changed hands while new buildings have been erected at a cost of \$3,000,000, showing a total of \$11,000,000 invested in real estate during the year. The Smelting and Refining Company turned out \$12,989,000 in silver, gold, lead, and blue vitriol; the out-turn of the previous year aggregating only \$7,560,000.

a Nebraska landowner. He very graciously invited me to his prairie farm, about fifteen miles out in the country, which invitation was gladly accepted. The drive across the undulating prairie land was very enjoyable. The air was delightfully pure, fresh, and bracing. The road was merely a track on the natural surface soil, without any kind of metalling, and hence full of holes in some places, and very irregular. In dry weather it is hard and affords tolerably fair driving, but during storms or heavy rain it becomes almost impassable. The surface of the country being so very undulatory, with steep depressions, it is ramified with numerous watercourses. Hence the drainage is good and rapid, the ground soon drying up after the heaviest storms. Along the whole of our route the prairie had been cleared, portioned out into farms, and more or less under cultivation or laid in pasture. Occasionally from an eminence a glimpse could be obtained of an almost interminable expanse of pathless, tall, waving grass, stretching far away to the horizon. But all around near at hand bore evidence that the grassy

wastes were being rapidly cleared, planted, cultivated, and inhabited. The farm buildings and comfortable-looking homesteads scattered about, the lowing of cows, bleating of sheep, and tinkling of bells, gave a bright animation to the scene, quite at variance with what once was a boundless, lonely, billowy waste of giant grasses. Occasionally the scenery is very pretty and wildly romantic.

A pair of fast-trotting horses soon swung us over the fifteen miles, and the fine bracing air put such a keen edge on our appetites, that upon arrival at the mansion, we were both enabled to do justice to a sumptuous repast. The farm was an extensive one, well stocked, containing commodious farm buildings, with neat labourers' cottages. Everything was built of wood, according to the local custom, this being the readiest and cheapest. My host's residence was also of wood, like the rest, yet it was large and roomy, more resembling a country mansion. It was furnished throughout in an elegant and costly style. The cabinet-work and upholstery would have done credit to any London or Paris house.

It seemed so strange to see such luxury in such an apparent wilderness. The farm and outhouses were laid out on the most approved scientific and sanitary principles. Labour-saving appliances and economising machinery, for reaping, mowing, threshing, churning, &c., were liberally provided. My host's wife was a charming and accomplished lady, with high mental endowments and attainments, and entered fully and minutely into all the details of the establishment, as if it were natural and innate. Amongst various novelties, I tasted here for the first time some delicious champagne of an American brand, called St. Louis Imperial, infinitely superior to what is purchased at the hotels under that name. The home consumption for this particular brand is so large, that it commands a high price, and is not exported, the supply being as yet unequal to the local demand. My host was very anxious for me to settle down on a prairie farm. By looking about, he said, quietly, and not being in a hurry, opportunities would offer themselves for picking up a good farm at a fair and reasonable price.

He dilated on the pleasures, advantages, and profits of prairie farming, with its romantic and enjoyable associations. The temperate and general equableness of the climate gave Nebraska a great advantage over the extreme changes of the more eastern States. The genial warmth of summer, with its breezy days, and cool refreshing nights; the tonic and stimulating effect of the pure, health-infusing, life-inspiring atmosphere; the mellow sunshine and gorgeous autumnal sunsets; the stillness and wild freedom of the wide rolling plains, combine to instil into a Nebraska home a charm unattainable anywhere else. Hunting, shooting, and fishing were to be had in abundance, and while growing sun-browned and healthy, you become vigorous, happy-hearted, and contented. It is an Elysium for invalids, especially those whose health has been impaired by the cares, labours, anxieties, and distractions of noisy, crowded cities. The soil is the finest that can be conceived, better than the best garden mould, and its variable-ness, coupled with salutary climatic influences, admits of almost anything being grown to

the greatest advantage. The soil is almost black sometimes with the incrustation of ages of decayed vegetation, which gives it an unrivalled fertility. Its great depth—from four to ten feet—renders it practically inexhaustible. My host was evidently an intense lover of Nature, and the salubrious freedom of Nature's breezy wastes. Being of a kindred spirit, he touched a chord of sympathy, which thoroughly echoed to his rapturous enthusiasm. Had I been master of my destinies, I would not have hesitated, nay, rather would have rejoiced, to follow his advice, and lead a peaceful, retired life, at once so congenially arcadian and so fascinating.

Despite, however, everything being painted in such roseate hues, there are, like in everything human, a few drawbacks. Grasshoppers, or as they are briefly named "hoppers," are at times a great scourge. They sometimes sweep down across the country in dense clouds, destroying every piece of vegetation in their path. It seems then as if a simoom blast had swept over the face of the land and burnt up everything.

They had just had a small flight of these pests, and I was taken into a meadow where they lay in myriads, in heaps, all dead. They had been destroyed by drawing a large wooden scoop on low wheels backwards and forwards across the field. The scoop was about five feet wide and about four deep. The inside was coated all over with thick tar, and when the scoop is drawn across the field the hoppers hop into the tar-bath and are smothered. When the scoop is sufficiently plastered all over with them, which does not take long, they are all swept out, a fresh coating of tar put on, and the work of destruction resumed. This seems to be one of the most effective methods of destroying these insects. Their advent is, however, irregular and uncertain. They will come one year, and then, perhaps, not again for two or three years. Their numbers have been much diminished, and it is fully believed that the preventive measures being taken will ere long end in their extermination.

Another great drawback is the want of trees. This is being speedily remedied. The

State gives every encouragement to the growth of trees, and important inducements and privileges are assigned to increasing plantations. In some parts they are being planted by hundreds and thousands, and almost every homestead is now surrounded with groves of trees. The numerous young forests which now deck the prairie will, in a few years, play an important part in further beautifying the landscape. Some of the older groves already give the country, here and there, a park-like appearance.

Cattle-raising forms one of the most attractive features of Nebraska, the profits realised being represented as very large, varying from twenty to fifty per cent. on the outlay, and even more. There was at one time a mania for it amongst all classes. According to a local print, "capitalists, bankers, merchants, clergymen, mechanics, lawyers, doctors, railway men, and ladies are investing in cows, calves, and young cattle of all kinds, and becoming herdsmen and herdswomen."

My brief visit and insight into a mode of life so entirely new, engrossing, revitalising,

peaceful, happy, and contented, was thoroughly enjoyable. I was loth to leave the novel and exhilarating scene, and only regretted my limited time compelled me to decline pressing invitations to remain. The sweet bracing air of the prairie was so salubrious and invigorating, infusing fresh life, and creating a vigorous elasticity of spirit that was perfectly ecstatic. The quiet retreat from the harassing confusion of the world imbued the mind with a thoughtful calm, and filled it with a unique glow of rapture and expansion of joyous freedom. Such communion with Nature in all the captivating beauty of her wild, virgin attractions, swells the soul with the noblest aspirations, and elevates it far above the turbulent realities of life, into a region of sublime peace and contentment.

On bidding farewell to my hospitable friend and his kind, charming partner, my host insisted on driving me into the city to see me off by the train. He gave me a useful wrinkle about the Pullman sleeping-cars. I had complained of their being very close and stuffy at night, when the beds

were made and the curtains close drawn. He advised me to take the berth or section as near the centre of the car as possible, where the vibration was less and the rumbling of the wheels less disturbing. Also to take the whole section or compartment, which includes the upper and lower sleeping berths. To have only the lower bed made and the upper one closed up. This would give more freedom and plenty of ventilation. Accordingly, his advice was followed and the rest of the journey was quite delightful. The extra cost of taking the whole section was only a few dollars, and the comfort indescribable.

Leaving Omaha, the train for a long distance traversed the prairie plains, and then commenced the gradual ascent of the outlying base of the Rocky Mountains. The gradient is so easy for a long distance, that the summit station at Sherman is reached almost imperceptibly. The ascent of the Rockies from the East is very tame and disappointing. When approaching the summit, some good views are obtained of distant mountain ranges covered with snow, but

there was nothing very remarkably fine. I anticipated being half frozen at the summit, an altitude of eight thousand feet above the sea, and had prepared myself accordingly with a thick fur-clad ulster, but found it of no use. Although the summit was covered with snow and ice, and it was freezing hard outside the car, inside the temperature was so beautifully regulated that it was as warm and comfortable as if sitting by a fire in one's own drawing-room at home. There was no occasion for even an overcoat or any extra warm clothing. But had we been snowed up, as sometimes happens, or met with an accident, the extra precautions would have been found wise and the services of my fur-clad ulster king-at-arms most acceptable.

At one of the refreshment stations, where we stopped for dinner, called "The Desert House," the proprietor was an entertaining and original character. The notice placard hung up for the information of travellers was amusing and eccentric. An extract or two from it is worth recording:—

"Baths, gas, hot and cold water, laundry,

telegraph, restaurant, fire-alarm, bar-room, billiard-table, daily papers, coupé, sewing-machine, grand piano, a clergyman, and all other modern conveniences in every room. Meals every minute if desired, and consequently no second table Waiters of every nationality and colour desired.

“Washing allowed in rooms, and ladies giving an order to ‘put me on a flat iron,’ will be put one on at any hour of the day or night. A discreet waiter, who belongs to the Masons, Oddfellows, Knights of Pythias, and who was never known to tell even the time of day, has been employed to carry milk punches and hot toddies to ladies’ rooms in the evening.”

* * * * *

“The office clerk has been carefully selected to please everybody, and can lead in prayer, play draw poker, match worsted at the village store, shake for drinks at any hour, day or night, play billiards, good waltzer, and can dance the German, make a fourth at euchre, amuse children, repeat the Beecher trial from memory, is a good judge of horses, as a railway and steam-boat

reference is far superior to Appleton's or anybody else's guide, will flirt with any young lady, and not mind being cut dead when 'pa comes down.' "

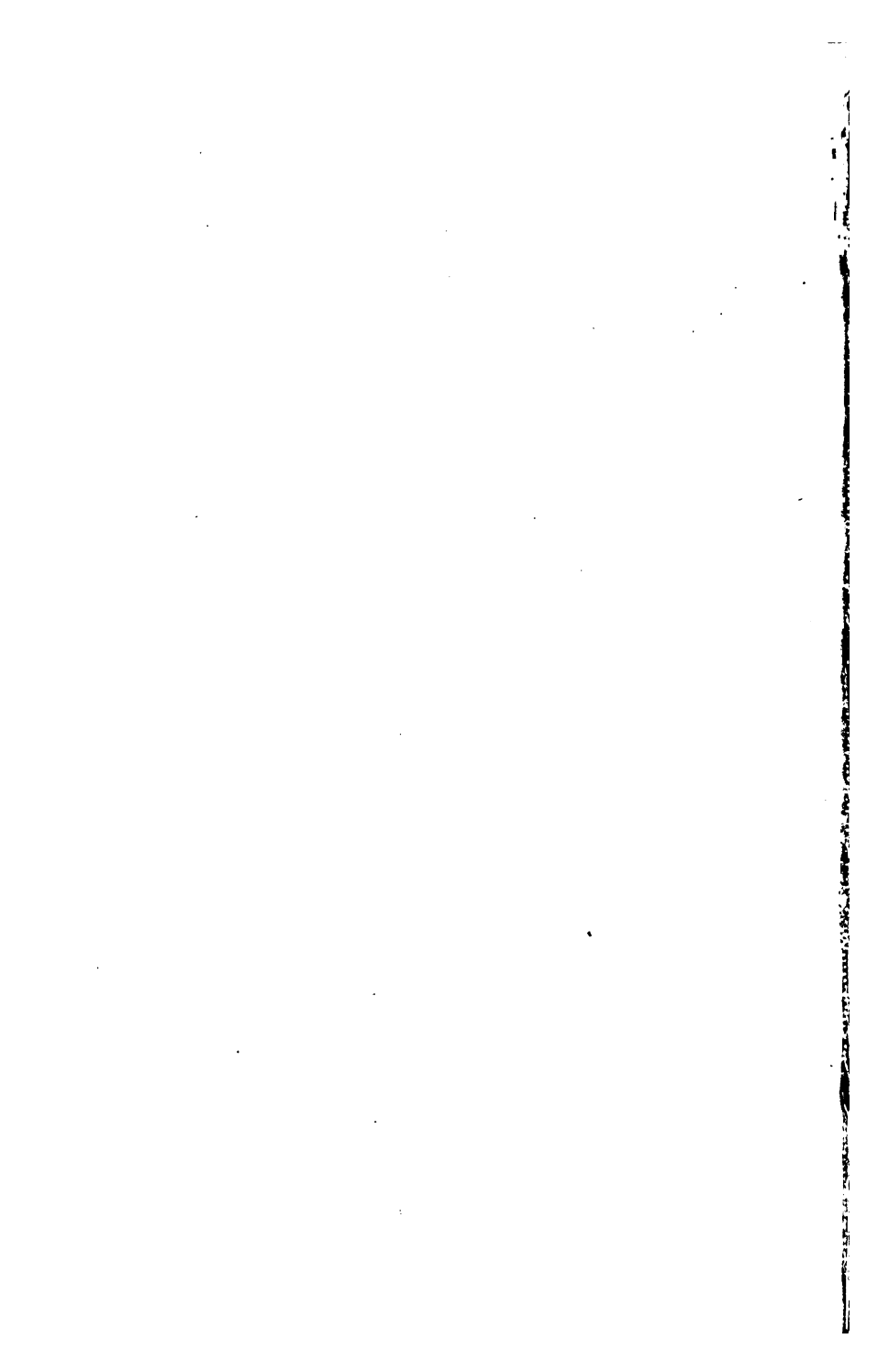
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"The proprietor will take it as a personal affront if any guest on leaving should fail to dispute the bill, tell him he is a swindler, the house a barn, the table wretched, the wines vile, and that he—the guest—was never so imposed upon in his life, will never stop there again, and means to warn his friends!"

On descending the Rocky Mountains, towards the Pacific slope, the scenery is more interesting, grand, and romantic;—mountains of rock, with snow-crowned peaks, tower one above another, in almost endless panoramas; masses of rugged, perpendicular, isolated rocks are scattered in every direction; tremendous ravines, spanned by light aërial bridges, which almost make one shudder to pass over them; yawning chasms, through which raging torrents dash foamingly along, while here and there deep gorges skirt the railway, looking down on

rapids, surging and seething below. Sometimes lovely canyons or valleys will be flanked on one side by lofty cliffs with bold, steep escarpments, waterworn by the storms of ages, and on the other with verdant hills and grassy slopes, interspersed with bright, transparent rivers, now dashing merrily along, and now gently meandering through beautiful green meadows in silent grandeur,—all attesting the infinite wisdom and power of the great Creator.

After three days and two nights of incessant travelling, Salt Lake City, the Mormon capital, was reached. The train did not get in till after dark, hence little could be seen beyond wide, dusty, gas-lighted streets, intermixed with plenty of trees and gardens. Comfortable quarters had been secured for me at one of the leading hotels by telegram, and after a little light refreshment, I was only too glad to retire to rest.



OUT WEST.



PART III.—LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.



CHAPTER VII.

A Welcome.—A Splendid Gold Nugget.—Dreams of Gold. — A Narrow Escape. — Bunko-men. — A Terrible Situation. — Description of Salt Lake City.—The Great Salt Lake.—Cause of its Brine. — Warm and Hot Springs.

THE morning following my arrival I started off after breakfast to take the bearings of my new environments. Scarcely had I proceeded a few yards from the hotel, when a gentlemanly-attired stranger came up and accosted me in the peculiar nasal twang which is such an accomplishment of the most western civilisation.

“How do you do, Mr. Smith? Let me welcome you to our beautiful city. From East, I guess?”

This salute surprised me, but, supposing it to be an ordinary western form of courtesy to strangers, I replied:—

"I have not the pleasure of knowing you, and fear you must be mistaken, for my name is not Smith."

"Oh, no I am not mistaken," he answered. "I travelled in the car with you yesterday, and gave you a paper to read. Your name not Smith? It is very stupid of me to forget it. I am very bad at remembering names, but I know your face very well."

"My name" I said "is Mr. Colon——"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Colin," he quickly replied, before I had time to finish, "it was stupid of me to forget it. From out East, I guess."

"Yes, I have just come from England."

"Ah, I thought so. I know England and London well,—splendid city. But excuse me, I will see you again to-morrow," and so saying, with a polite bow, off he went.

Scarcely had he been gone a couple of minutes, when a second gentlemanly-dressed person hurriedly overtook me, and, while passing, turned round and addressed me with :—

"How do you do, Mr. Colin? Glad to see you have arrived safely from England. Hope

you had a pleasant passage across the 'big ditch.' ”

I looked steadily at him, and thought to myself: This is singular—the man addresses me as Colin, an unusual name, and the same the man who had just left me had hastily and wrongly got hold of. This is a confederate, and there is some trick here. So, resolving to draw him out, and be on my guard, I replied:

“I am not aware to whom I have the honour of speaking, as I have not the faintest recollection of you.”

“Not remember me!” he exclaimed, in surprise, “why, I travelled all the way from Chicago with you.”

“Indeed, I am not aware of it. You have made a mistake.”

“Do not you remember?” he said. “I was talking to you in the car all the way from Chicago to Omaha?”

“No, I do not.”

“Well, never mind. You come from England; so do I. My father is a goldsmith in Regent Street.”

“Indeed, what is his name?”

“Pulbrook.”

“Pulbrook,” I repeated; “I never heard of the name before.”

“He is well known, and he sent me out to America to look for a gold-mine. I have just made a magnificent discovery,—a mine of almost pure gold!”

“Then you are fortunate!”

“Would you like to see the splendid nugget I have just brought to my rooms close by? It is a grand sight.”

“Not now,—not to-day. I want to explore the town a little,” I said.

“I shall be pleased to show you over the town.”

I declined his offer, but he persisted in walking on with me; commenced dilating on gold; told stories of the enormous fortunes that had been made out of gold-mines out West. Every sentence he uttered was embellished with the word gold. It was gold! gold! gold! everywhere. He seemed to live, move, and breathe in an atmosphere of gold. His gold discovery was to eclipse everything that had ever been previously known. It was, in fact, the grandest gold-

mine that had ever been struck. Its untold riches would paralyse creation, and disorganise all the money markets of the world!

I made a suitable remark occasionally as he expatiated on his golden dreams, to show that I was an attentive listener. When he thought he had said enough to excite my imagination in airy visions of colossal fortunes, he said, in a quiet sort of confidential way:

"Now, I will tell you privately, as a secret, I can probably get you a share in this gold-mine, if you like to join in it. I would not say so to everybody, but I have taken a fancy to you, and as we are both Londoners I would like to do you a turn."

"I do not care about mines," said I; "they are too speculative. It is always neck or nothing. A toss up whether you become a millionaire or a beggar."

"But there is nothing speculative in my mine. It is a certainty—as certain and safe as the Bank of England. You have only to walk in and draw your money out."

"Yes; but you must put in money first before you can draw out," I said.

"A little at first," he replied. "There is no risk, it is quite safe; in fact, I have got it cheap. I have bonded the mine for five thousand dollars."

"That is cheap for such a valuable property as you describe."

"Yes, it is dirt cheap; but I had great trouble to get it at that price. I have paid four thousand dollars cash down, and I will give you a fifth share of the mine if you will find the other one thousand."

"No, I do not care about it," I said.

"Well, never mind, I have cabled my father in London to send me the money by cable to-morrow."

"If it is such a good thing as you say, he is sure to send you the money," I replied.

"I expect so; but I want to be prepared against accident. My father may be away from home, and a thousand and one things may happen, and, unless the money is ready to-morrow, I shall lose the mine altogether, for the balance must be paid then. Now, confidentially, and as a great secret, I will tell you what I will do rather than run any risk. I will give you a half-share if you

will let me have the thousand dollars at once. I cannot be fairer than that, and if you come to my rooms I will show you the specimen nugget, and all the papers and titles. You can then satisfy yourself as to the genuineness of the business."

"Yes," I said; "but when we get the mine, money will be required to work it, and where is that to come from?"

"We shall not require money to work it," he answered emphatically. "We can go and dig out the gold with our hands, and make profits at once. The mine will really work itself."

I told him I should like to consider the matter, and if he would give me his address, I would call on him to-morrow, at any hour convenient to him.

This would not satisfy him. He urged me to come and complete the transaction, or else he would close with another gentleman, and then my chance of a fortune would be lost. Nevertheless, I tried in every possible way to shake him off, and rid myself of his importunities; but it was useless.

While this lengthened conversation had

been going on, we had wandered up and down through some of the main streets of the city till we had reached the outskirts. Beginning to feel tired, I looked at my watch, and found we had been promenading for a couple of hours, so I turned to wend my way homewards. Finding him still pertinaciously persistent in trying to induce me to visit his rooms, a bright thought occurred to me to shake him off, by going up to the first large house we came to, as if to make a call. We soon approached one with a handsome entrance-gate and carriage-drive, so, making an appointment for the morrow, I turned in at the gate, and walked boldly up towards the house.

My ruse answered admirably, for, on looking round when I had gone half-way up the carriage-drive, I saw my would-be friend and brother "making tracks" as fast as he could. I therefore halted behind a large shrub, and watched him out of sight. I then returned to my hotel by a different route, and subsequently discovered that the grounds I had entered into belonged to one of the principal citizens, which accounted

for the rapidity with which my tormentor disappeared.

On arriving at the hotel, I informed a gentleman of the occurrence, who advised me in future to take no notice of such proffered acquaintanceships, or I should get into trouble. The persons I had met were part of a well-known gang of "bunko-men," who are always on the look out for strangers, in order to play confidence tricks upon them. They had taken-in and robbed a number of strangers lately, and the police were on the look out for them. As for the gold nugget, it was just an old trick; and if they had got me into their rooms, they would have swindled and robbed me of all I had about me. I told him I had an appointment to meet them to-morrow. He replied, "You need not trouble yourself about that; they are not likely to trouble you again, they see you are too cute to be taken in."

The next day, for curiosity's sake, I went at the hour named for the appointment, to the address given, and saw standing at the front door the gentleman who had first accosted me, as also his accomplice who

had perambulated the town with me. They were evidently on the look out for some more pliable stranger. They took no notice of me, and I never saw them again afterwards. I heard, however, of their exploits on more innocent and unsophisticated travellers, which only made me congratulate myself the more on having escaped their machinations.

One of these exploits was perpetrated shortly after the above occurrence. Two English tourists were waylaid the first morning of their appearance in the streets by the aforesaid bunko-men. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, and determined to obtain every information on every subject, with the naturally laudable desire to be fully posted up on all American manners and customs, they readily acquiesced in the invitation to see the wonderful gold nugget. In the innocence of their untutored minds, they thought it was an opportunity that ought not to be missed. They were shown into the house and into an upper room, where two other gentlemen were already seated. The wonderful gold nugget was produced for exam-

ination. Not being experts in mineralogy, the genuineness of the specimen was viewed with credulous admiration. The bunko spokesman expatiated on the enormous richness of the mine, and tickled the fertile imaginations of their anticipated victims with brilliant pictures of the colossal and dazzling fortunes presented within easy reach. Then, after the necessary preliminary explanations to smooth the way, the tourists were offered a share in the property upon moderate terms, but the money was required immediately. The tourists required time to consider it, and arose to depart. Upon this one of the bunko-men jumped up from his seat, set his back against the door, drew out his revolver, and declared that the tourists should not leave the room until they had agreed to the arrangement, and paid down a portion, to strike the bargain. The tourists hesitated, remonstrated, but it was useless. They then appealed to the two gentlemen who brought them there for assistance, and to get them out of the difficulty. Their would-be friends only replied by also jumping up, drawing their revolvers, and declaring that they

would blow their brains out if the demand was not complied with instantly. The unfortunate tourists—innocent seekers after truth,—being unarmed and confronted with the physical force of three revolvers pointed at their heads, were compelled to yield, and to empty their pockets of all they possessed, which amounted to a good round sum. They were then allowed to depart, feeling only too glad to have escaped with their lives.

Salt Lake City is charmingly situated behind a mountain spur, with a southerly aspect, at the head of a magnificent valley about a hundred miles long, and from twenty to forty broad. The valley lies between two mountain ranges, the Wasatch and Oquirrh, running parallel north and south. The peaks of the loftiest, the Wasatch, on the eastern side, are covered with perpetual snow. The valley is one of the most beautiful spots conceivable, and the city being about 4,000 feet above the sea level, the climate, combined with the rarity and elasticity of the air, is almost perfect. To the invalid it is a paradise, and is daily gaining importance as a sanatorium. The best view of the city is

obtained from the heights to the north. Ascending these, a magnificent panorama is presented of mountains, lake, valley, and river, stretching far away as the eye can reach. The prospect is perhaps unrivalled for its variety, extent, and beauty. It is not surprising, therefore, that when the Mormon pioneers, in their wanderings in search of a resting-place, on arriving at this lovely spot, should have at once decided to stop and make it their home. In truth, the loveliness of the spot, with the exquisite climate, produced in my mind a sense of satiety and a desire to remain here and take as long a holiday as possible.

The Mormons have certainly done wonders in erecting a fine ornamental city out of a barren waste. By diverting the mountain streams through the streets, they have established an excellent system of natural gravitating irrigation, and converted a desert into a beautiful garden. The streets are wide and admirably laid out, fringed on both sides with groves of locust and cottonwood trees, with rippling rills running along the edges of the footpaths. These rills are employed by the

householders to irrigate their gardens and orchards by turning the water in or out as required.

The great Salt Lake is about 120 miles long by 40 miles broad, and is one of the greatest natural wonders of the globe. It is the remains of what was once a great inland sea, some 500 miles from north to south and 350 from east to west. The waters of this great sea must have gradually subsided and retired to the lowest portion of the basin, forming the present Salt Lake; while the dry portion is called the Great American Desert. The sea must at one time have spread over where Salt Lake City now stands, and covered it with several fathoms of water. The evidence of the gradual subsidence of the waters through different ages can be distinctly traced by the lines of watermarks, or terraces, along the bases of the surrounding mountains. In many places a dozen of these terraces are visible.

The specific gravity of the Salt Lake water is high, containing about twenty-five per cent. of saline matter. It is very buoy-

ant, being difficult to sink in it, while it affords a most refreshing and invigorating bath. The density of the saline matter seems singular, when several large fresh-water rivers empty themselves into it. This, however, can be accounted for, when we consider that the lake has no outlet, and that the loss by evaporation is greater than the supply by the rivers. Moreover, in the soil of the district, the alkaline chlorides predominate, and these being constantly washed out are conveyed by the rivers into the lake to an unlimited extent. Hence, the lake has become so saturated with saline matter that incrustations of salt are deposited round its margin in dry seasons. In some places these deposits are said to be so plentiful that they can be shovelled up like sand. Further, the concentration of this saline matter has been going on through a series of successive ages, as testified by the terraces or old lake-margins before mentioned, and which are hundreds of feet above the present shore-line.

About two miles to the north of the city are some warm and hot springs, the latter

emitting a strong sulphurous odour. At the warm springs a comfortable bath-house has been erected, and it is much resorted to by visitors and invalids. The temperature of the water is 102° Fahrenheit. It is slightly charged with hydrosulphuric and carbolic acid gases, is a pleasant saline mineral water, possessing all the valuable properties of saline-sulphur springs. It is said to be a useful remedy in rheumatic affections and a wonderful preventive against baldness.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Moonlight Scene.—Bang! Bang! Bang!—An Elopement and Dreadful Catastrophe.—A Mining Camp.—An Adventurous Trip.—Desperadoes.—A Mixed Temperance Dinner.—Gambling Iniquities.

ABOUT a week after the adventure recorded in the last chapter, I was seated with a gentleman in the cool of the evening, under a wide-spreading cottonwood tree in front of the hotel. We were enjoying the refreshing, balmy breeze, after a hard day's walk, and the placid beauty of the scene was enhanced by the moonbeams playing through the musically waving foliage. While captivated with the charming stillness and revivifying zephyrs, the mind seemed to become absorbed with the idea that there could hardly be a repose for the worn and jaded more refreshing and

satisfying—the air was so exquisitely soft, and the scene so soothingly peaceful !

Bang ! Bang ! Bang ! came three loud reports in rapid succession, while a bullet, whizzing close past my ear, went “thud” into the wall behind me. For the moment, I thought I was hit, the bullet grazed so close, while at the same instant a man rushed past, almost touching me, and fell flat with his face on the ground. In a few moments there was a pool of blood under him. We jumped up, lifted the poor fellow, and with the help of a couple of hotel porters carried him into one of the ante-rooms, while messengers were despatched for the nearest doctors. Two rapidly arrived, and after examination found that the poor fellow had received two very dangerous pistol-bullet wounds, either of which might prove fatal.

Presently, a fine, handsome young woman, followed by a crowd, approached the hotel. She was crying, wailing, wringing her hands, and giving vent to the most pitiful lamentations. “He has killed him ! He has killed my husband ! And we are only just

married. Oh ! I would rather have died for him !” she went on reiterating in intense mental agony.

On being assured that her husband was wounded, but not killed, she became more composed. As soon as his wounds were dressed, he was conveyed to the hospital, accompanied by his wife. Meanwhile, the would-be murderer was arrested *in flagrante delicto*, and the next day the whole story was revealed in the police-court.

It then appeared that the young woman and her husband both belonged to an adjoining town, about twenty miles distant. Her father kept a boarding-house, and her lover an adjoining saloon or public refreshment-bar. The father would not listen to the match, so the two lovers planned to run off to Salt Lake City and get married without the father’s consent. The father, on discovering that the saloon-keeper had eloped with his daughter, armed himself with a revolver and started off on horseback in pursuit of the fugitives. On arriving at Salt Lake City, while strolling through the streets in the evening, he suddenly met

close to the hotel his daughter, arm-in-arm with her lover. Instantly drawing his revolver, he fired full into the man's chest, who, on being hit, turned and ran as fast as he could towards the hotel. A second shot followed rapidly, taking effect in the man's thigh, severing the femoral artery, and then a third, which was the one that grazed past my ear. The would-be murderer was arrested in the act of firing his third shot, and deprived of his revolver. It was represented to the court that the wounded man, though in a dangerous and critical state, was doing favourably, so the matter was treated as an aggravated assault. The prisoner pleaded justifiable provocation, and on this plea, in spite of his intended victim being in a precarious condition, he was let off.

You may rest assured that this episode of love in the far West did not encourage me to sit directly in front of the hotel entrance again, enjoying the balmy moonlight. Whatever compunctions may have arisen as to the safety of the position, there was still some consolation in the thought that

such a lively event might not occur again in one's lifetime. Nevertheless, my sentiments underwent a very considerable change, and led to the conclusion that it was possible to have scenes more securely refreshing and peaceful than listening in the lovely moonlight to the harmonious summer sighings of a cottonwood grove.

An English gentleman whose acquaintance I made invited me to accompany him on a visit to one of the mining camps scattered about among the mountains. Being glad of the opportunity to see a new phase of life, his offer was accepted. We started at five o'clock the next morning, and reached our destination about noon, at an elevation of between six and seven thousand feet above sea-level. The camp was prettily situated, at the bottom of a sheltered mountain gorge, and consisted of long rows of wooden huts, run up in a rapid, cheap, and irregular fashion. The roofs were formed of long strips of well-seasoned wood, called shingles, about a quarter of an inch thick, four to six inches wide, and two to three feet long. These are placed to lap

over each other like slates, and made a very effective, watertight covering. We went to one of the hotels and engaged bedrooms. They were little dens like ships' cabins, with just room for a narrow bed and to pass along one side of it. At the end was a small window, with a washstand in one corner, and a small looking-glass hung above it. Carpets were an unknown luxury.

After some refreshment, we started off on horseback to a mine some distance up the valley or canyon, and higher up the mountain. The road was merely a narrow, precipitous mountain track. Arrived at the end of our journey, we dismounted, and had not walked far when we were met by two fierce-looking desperadoes, who inquired our business. My friend informed them he had come to look at —— mine. The men replied that they were in charge, and had orders not to let any one see the mine. They showed their revolvers and declared they would shoot us or any one else who came to look at the mine without an order from their chief. My friend took the threat very calmly, entered into conversation with the

men, told them he had not got a six shooter, when they became more civil and reasonable, and we then all walked quietly together up the side of the mountain. As soon as we had reached a spot within the limits of the property, my friend stopped, and, turning to the men, asked them by whose authority they were in possession of the mine. They replied they had received their orders from Salt Lake City. He asked them to show him their orders. This they were unable to do, for their orders were verbal, and they could show nothing in writing. My friend then coolly pulled out of his pocket a formidable-looking document, stamped with huge red seals of the United States authorities at Washington, and told the men that, as they could produce no documents, he now formally took possession by the authority of the United States Government. This manœuvre took the men by surprise, who, not daring to resist a Government mandate, quietly surrendered and went off to inform their employers of what had happened.

“Now, this is what I call a good day’s

work," said my friend. "They told me I should never get possession, and that I should be shot if I tried it. Perhaps I should have been, had I brought a revolver with me and showed fight, for that would have provoked the men to have shot me. So I purposely came unarmed, and you see the result."

I complimented him on his tact and coolness, and stated that, had he told me he was coming on such an adventurous and risky errand, I should have thought twice before accepting his offer.

He replied that he had not informed me, as he was anxious to keep the object of his trip a secret, and did not anticipate any serious risk in the matter. He looked on the warnings given as merely American bunkum. The Americans are fond of "bulldosing," as they call it. He felt confident in his own self-reliance to carry out the matter in a business-like manner.

We then went to examine the mine. It had been a rich silver-mine, but was involved in disputes and difficulties, causing all work to be suspended. We went into the various

workings and saw huge open spaces from which rich ore had been extracted, and in my friend's opinion the mine still contained large quantities of ore, and was a very valuable property. We then ascended to the top of the mountain, and obtained a glorious view of snow-capped peaks and valleys, with the Great Salt Lake, and beyond it the American desert stretching far away to the horizon. As day was declining, we mounted our steeds and wended our way back to the mining camp as quickly as we could; for it was dangerous to traverse these mountain tracks on horse-back after dark. One fatal slip would precipitate horse and rider to the bottom of a ravine, to certain death.

We returned by a shorter route, and when about halfway down the canyon met two desperate-looking cut-throats armed with rifles and bowie-knives, sitting on a log of wood just off the side of the track. We exchanged civilities, but not at all liking their appearance hastened our pace. On turning round a mountain spur, we started our horses into a hard gallop, and quickly

got out of the reach of their rifles down the winding canyon.

On reaching the hotel at dusk, several inquiries were made, to know if we had met any one on our way down. We mentioned about the two armed men, and were informed that they were two of the greatest dare-devils in the country, who would stick at nothing, however daring or villanous. They had been engaged to retake a disputed mining property, which had already been seized by two other ruffians as bad as themselves. When we passed they were watching the claim, waiting for an opportunity to go in and turn the other men out. "There will be bloody work there to-morrow, for Mike and Jake are the divils for business when they go at it," said one of the bystanders.

We were tolerably tired out after our hard day's outing, from five a.m. to six p.m., and were delighted when dinner was announced. The dining-room was a long, low-roofed chamber that would hold about fifty guests. It was soon filled, being pay-day, which brought numbers of miners down from the

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neighbouring workings. As all could not be accommodated at once, dinner had to be served in relays. We were fortunate in getting in among the first set, and when all were seated it was a very mixed assemblage. There was a sprinkling of gentlemen amongst a rough, uncouth crowd of brawny arms and huge, powerful frames, collected together from almost every European nation, and clad in motley garments. The dinner consisted chiefly of beef, mutton, pork, and vegetables, cooked in a variety of ways, from plain steaks and chops to indescribable messes, which suited the palates of the robust Brobdignags. The general behaviour was good, and, there being little conversation, the meal passed off in almost silence. Every one drank tea or coffee, and, to all appearances, it was a mild, quiet, temperance meeting. Had the most enthusiastic temperance advocate been present, he would have shed tears of joy over the delightful scene. The rapidity with which the food was disposed of was marvellous. Two relays of feeders followed each other at our table in quick succession, swallowed—or,

rather, bolted—their food, dish after dish, and then disappeared before my friend and I had got half through our repast. This system of bolting food is a western accomplishment that quite baffled my powers to master.

After dinner we retired to the entrance-hall. Excepting a few of the old, steady hands, the bulk of the miners had disappeared. They had gone off to the various drinking and gambling saloons, to squander away their month's earnings. The few that were left gathered close to the fire stove, smoking and talking "miners' gossip." As the night wore on, the miners came dropping in one by one, having either drunk or squandered away all their money, and retired to their bedrooms, with sullen murmurs mixed with sanguinary imprecations. So here my beautiful dream of a model temperance society among the rude miners of the snow-clad Utah mountains, which was to be a pattern to the world (in expressive American parlance), "busted!" Upon inquiry, it appeared that on pay-days the men come down from the various mines to the camp with all

their pay, and in a few hours gamble or drink away all their month's wages. There are regular gangs of gambling sharpers, who visit the various mining camp on pay-days, and rob the poor, unfortunate miners of all their hard earnings. As a rule, the miners are young, careless, unmarried men, without a thought beyond the day. Hence, they become an easy prey to the rapacious swindlers who infest mining camps. These swindlers do a fine trade out of their iniquitous business, and the system of monthly payments greatly facilitates their operations. The system is this:—The miners are boarded at a boarding-house built by the company at the mines, for which they are charged a dollar, or four shillings, a day. The pay is, as a rule, for good miners, three dollars, or twelve shillings, a day. So that, at the end of the month, each man will receive sixty dollars, or twelve pounds, clear of all expenses. With this he goes off for a holiday to the nearest mining camp, gets enticed into a gambling den, and is robbed of all in a few hours. The next day he is compelled

to return to work again, to repeat the same folly at the end of another month.

It is a simple sum in arithmetic to see what a harvest is periodically ripening for the gambling swindlers. Suppose a mining camp which is the resort of a thousand miners. Each man, at the end of the month, comes down with, say, an average of ten pounds in his pocket. Here, then, is an amount of ten thousand pounds flying about for the sharpers to gather into their nets.

The miners, as a class, with a few laudable exceptions, have no thrift: they are without any care beyond the passing hour, and are easily imposed upon. Hence, they are at the mercy of the seductive harpies, who fatten on their gains and weaknesses. On the other hand, some of the miners are themselves inveterate gamblers. It has grown upon them, by the force of events, until it has become a ruling, irresistible passion. These men are used as decoy ducks to inveigle the young and unwary. The evil is a flagrant one. It is a foul blot on an advancing civilisation, and calls

loudly for immediate remedy. The public look complacently on, shake their heads, but do nothing. The Government wink at it, and the police are inadequate to cope with it. Yet no time should be lost in adopting strenuous measures for the suppression of so much wickedness and misery. Each state or territory is empowered to make and enforce laws for its local self-government. But in disorganised districts it is hopeless to expect improvement, unless the supreme Government itself steps in, compels obedience to its laws, and with a strong hand enforces the fulfilment of its regulations. This is the more necessary, not merely from a legal point of view, but from the higher demands of outraged humanity.

CHAPTER IX.

Fire! Fire!—Effect of High Altitudes.—A Mountain Ride.—Vandalism.—A New El Dorado.—Visit to Mine. — Wretched Dormitories. — Mortality of Miners.—Duties of the Government.—A Cloud-burst.—A Mountain Dream.

WE retired early to rest after a long, wearying day. About one in the morning I was suddenly startled from a sound sleep with the cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" And the alarm-bell, which happened to be close to my window, began ringing violently. Like magic there was a great rushing to and fro, men shouting, women screaming, children squalling, dogs barking, cocks crowing, geese cackling, pigs squealing, horses neighing, heavy footsteps thundering along the naked boarded passages, thumpings like sledge-hammers against doors to arouse the sounder sleepers. Alto-

gether there was a tremendous confusion of noises and commotion of mighty rushings, as if all the mountain ranges were rolling and toppling down one over the other, overwhelming everything in their course.

Bang! crash! went a thundering blow through one of the panels of my door, as I roared out:

“Hold hard! What is the matter?”

“What is the matter!” bellowed a voice in a fury. “Why, there is a terrible fire, and you will be busted up, if you don’t clear out smart.”

“All right!” I replied coolly; “I’m dressing, and will be out presently.”

Opening my window, putting out my head, and seeing no signs of smoke, light, or fire anywhere near, I concluded the hotel was so far safe, so quietly dressed, packed up my traps, and went out into the hall, with my bag in one hand and rugs in the other.

“Wall!” exclaimed the landlord, on seeing me, “you’re the darnedest, coolest, cussedest Britisher I ever met, sleeping like a coon and the whole place a-blazing!”

“But where is the fire?” I asked.

“Away at the other end of the camp, and the boys have all gone to put it out.”

“Then, I’ll go after the boys,” I said, putting my things down, at the same time inquiring for my friend, whom I found had also gone after “the boys.”

Hurrying down to the scene of the fire, the whole camp seemed to have turned out to assist in saving property and checking the spread of the conflagration. Several houses were burning away furiously, like boxes of matches, being all built of wood; and it was feared at one time the whole camp would be destroyed. Fortunately, the wind changed, and, blowing strongly, carried the burning embers away in the opposite direction. A mountain torrent close by afforded a plentiful supply of water, so the flames were soon extinguished. No lives were lost, and, some of the houses being unoccupied, the loss of property was not so great as at first anticipated. We returned to our beds after a couple of hours of exciting change in the clear, bright, frosty midnight air, and I was soon fast asleep again, notwithstanding the ventilation of my

tiny cabin had been improved by a broken door-panel.

In spite of our midnight disturbance, we were up betimes the following morning. My friend left me, being anxious to return to Salt Lake City on business matters. I remained behind, being desirous of seeing a little more of mining life, and enjoying the beautiful mountain scenery, with its clear, rarified, exhilarating atmosphere. At these high altitudes, the dry, light air inspires new life, at the same time that its rarity prevents violent exercise without a little previous acclimatisation. The light, thin air, being less charged with oxygen, it is necessary to inhale an additional quantity, in order to supply the lungs with their proper quota. More frequent inspirations are therefore required, and sometimes an extra long one, in order to completely refill or restore the equilibrium of the lungs. This additional work thrown on the lungs strengthens and inflates them, but they rapidly adjust themselves to the extra strain, and soon enable active exertion to be made, the same as in the plains, though

at first it is somewhat inconvenient. The most comfortable mode of locomotion is, therefore, on the back of a strong hill pony or mustang, accustomed and trained to hill-climbing.

Accordingly, after breakfast, I started off on a hired gallant steed, to explore a new portion of the mountain region. Passing up one of the canyons or valleys recommended as the most attractive, I soon became enamoured with my ride. At almost every step the scene changed, presenting some fresh and more charming view than before. The mountain slopes were covered with picturesque clumps of brushwood, thickly interspersed with the huge, bleached stumps of trees, which, dotting the steep acclivities right away up to their summits, sometimes resembled a vast cemetery. At one period, the whole of these mountain ranges were covered with dense, primeval forests, and the scenery must have been superlatively magnificent; but the irrepressible and Vandalic hand of man, with man's exigencies, has penetrated the sacred recesses of Nature's sylvan temples and shorn them of all their

original grandeur. Upon an examination of the stumps, it appeared that the ages of some of these venerable trees varied from one hundred and fifty to three hundred years.

A singular fact connected with these forest clearances is, that directly a spot is cleared, wild raspberries crop up in profusion. I passed numbers of bushes with clusters of beautiful red, ripe berries; but, until I met a person plucking and eating them, I passed them by, lest they might be poisonous. Gathering some, I found them quite as fine in size and flavour as the cultivated fruit.

Since the discovery of minerals in Utah, "the old order has changed, giving place to new." Speculators and miners flocked into the country, and covered the face of the silent, forest-clad mountain slopes, hitherto untrodden, except perhaps by the wild Indian hunter. The time-honoured and aged monarchs of the forest quickly fell to the ringing axe of the lawless and unbridled invader. Picturesque and beautiful groves were soon levelled and laid bare, while silent, secluded nooks and dells were cleared out, and often became scenes of noisy and

rancorous strife. Fired by the colossal fortunes made in other mining districts, crowds of adventurers hastened to the new El Dorado, in the hope of making some splendid discovery that was to eclipse all others, and land them on the pinnacle of untold affluence. Every spot and cranny likely to yield mineral was diligently scrutinised, until the entire mountain sides were covered with numerous excavations, like the burrowings of a rabbit-warren. Scratchings and burrowings were visible everywhere, displaying the expenditure of an enormous amount of labour, time, and energy. The wild and extravagant dreams of the explorers were never realised, though several valuable mines were discovered, which yielded large fortunes,—not to the discoverer, but, as it always happens, to the middlemen, the speculators, who stand between the discoverer or producer and the public or consumer. Many an unfortunate English investor has learnt to his sorrow the delusiveness of American mining speculations.

Riding leisurely up the canyon for some distance, delighted with the still solitude and

crisp, light, bracing air, I observed, high up on the mountain side, extensive mining operations being carried on. Desirous of seeing a mine at work, I rode up to it, and, finding out the manager, informed him who I was and my object. He was very gracious, and showed me all over the works, both underground and on the surface, explaining every detail with great care and courtesy, giving me a good insight into the entire system. He then took me over the men's quarters, the boarding-house, dormitories, &c., which were quite out of keeping with the rest of the establishment. Money had apparently been lavished upon costly machinery, with mechanical appliances necessary for conducting the various operations, and on buildings for the same, but stinted where the health and comforts for the men were concerned. In fact, the thews and sinews, the guiding spirits, that set everything in motion, and upon whose skill and energy the whole success of the enterprise depended, were deplorably neglected. The dormitories were small, low-roofed, wooden huts, scarcely fit for dog-kennels, and lamentably defective

in every sanitary particular. The planking of the sides was so thin that it was no protection from the severity of winter, when the cold in these altitudes is intense and almost Polar in its character. In these wretched hovels the miners are close packed in double-tiered berths, one above another, placed all round the sides, with a narrow passage in the centre, only just sufficient to admit of passing room. The sleepers in the top berths could touch the roof by putting up their hands while lying down. The bed was merely an oblong wooden trough, about two to three feet wide, with sides about six inches high. No bedding was provided. This the men supplied themselves; but, as a rule, they merely lay upon the hard boards, with three or four thick blankets wrapped around them. With the exception of a small heating stove, there were no comforts of any kind,—nothing but the bare planking; not even a peg to hang anything on, although about twenty men were crowded into a space unfit for an eighth of that number. On remarking to the manager that the accommodation was very limited, and

must be very injurious to the health of the men, he replied, in a careless, off-hand manner :

“It is small, but the men are used to it, and in some places it is infinitely worse.”

On asking if the men suffered much in their health, he said :

“Generally speaking, they are healthy ; but in winter we lose a few occasionally from inflammation of the lungs or pneumonia. If a man gets a cold in the chest in winter, he stands a poor chance. Sometimes, in very severe wintry weather, they die off like rotten sheep.”

“They must have a poor chance indeed,” I remarked, “if there is anything wrong with the chest. They would be suffocated in such a crowded den, from the impurity of the air.”

Having seen everything, and been greatly edified by a new phase of the work-a-day world, I thanked the manager for his attention and courteousness, mounted my steed, and turned homewards, for the day was wearing on. As I rode leisurely down the

steep-track, I could not help reflecting on the wretchedness of the miners' dormitories, and the still more forlorn condition of a miner's life, with all the discomforts, hardships, dangers, and risks with which it is surrounded. Not only is he liable to sudden death from underground accidents and explosions, but even when off work he is subjected to every discomfort; while his chances of life on the surface are minimised by the thoughtless negligence of employers.

Men seem to be treated more like senseless brutes than human beings. Even dogs would be better taken care of. When it is considered that eight hundred cubic feet of space per man is required for healthy respiration and ordinary ventilation purposes, and that at a rough estimate the entire breathing capacity of one of those miserable dens for twenty men is only about two thousand instead of sixteen thousand cubic feet, it follows that the whole of the air in the hut is thoroughly vitiated within a few minutes after the men have retired to rest. This pollution, moreover, goes on increasing with such alarming rapidity, that the atmo-

sphere of the room is speedily brought into a most foul and suffocating condition. In the midst of these ever-thickening, noxious exhalations human beings have to pass the night. But, beyond this, these evils occur at an altitude where the rarity of the air is so great that it causes a deficiency of oxygen, which naturally makes breathing more difficult; where, also, every effort should be made to relieve nature and assist the lungs, even by artificial supplies of oxygen if necessary. How can any one, then, seized with a severe bronchial affection, have the slightest chance of recovery in a vitiated atmosphere, saturated with carbonic acid gas, wholly unfit for ordinary healthy animal life? Can we be surprised that (as the manager forcibly expressed it) the men in severe times "die off like rotten sheep"? Ostensibly, it is called pneumonia, but doubtless, in reality, it is preventible suffocation.

In this lamentable state of affairs, it would seem incumbent on an enlightened and humane Government to interfere, and by legislation or otherwise to prohibit and

prevent such barbarities. It would be a wise step to appoint some responsible officer, whose special duty it shall be to attend to the welfare and interests of the miners, and the general sanitary condition of the mining population. Hospitals and medical advice should also be provided in convenient localities. Every mining camp does not boast an hospital, nor even a doctor. The gentleman who enjoys the local rank of "Doctor" is generally a quack and vendor of patent and quack medicines. His extensive practice is confined to aperients and emetics.

While thus meditating as my horse walked leisurely down a steep incline, the sky began to darken, and dense, murky clouds, portending a coming storm, came moving slowly and majestically over a mountain ridge on my left, trending to cross the valley before me. Not being prepared for a drenching, I started off at full gallop to race the approaching storm. The clouds came on, growing denser and blacker, throwing a darkening gloom over the canyon. My horse seemed to understand the situation, and went willingly at the top of his speed. On we went, tear-

ing on, racing the storm. As we passed under the densest part of the black, inky canopy, an ominous big drop fell every now and then, which seemed only to spur the horse on faster. It was the toss of a die which would win, and to escape a drenching seemed impossible. Yet on we sped, flying on, throwing up clouds of dust behind us; and, just as we had cleared the blackest portion of the cloud, the hotel suddenly burst on my view a couple of hundred yards off.

Reining in at once, I congratulated myself on having beaten the storm, and patted the gallant steed for having won the blue ribbon of the mountains. On nearing the hotel, the big drops again began to fall. They came faster and thicker, and just as the entrance was reached, while I was in the act of dismounting, the rain poured down like a sluice, wetting me through and through in an instant. As I dashed into the house, the horse, which seemed used to this sort of sensationalism, bolted off to his stable. A few minutes later a stream of water came roaring down the road, and swept down the main street of the city, which for about ten

minutes was transformed into a mountain torrent.

“You have just got in in time to escape that cloud-burst,” said a gentleman to me. “Had you been caught in the middle of it, it would have swept the horse off his legs and rolled you both up of a heap into a ditch, and perhaps drowned you.”

With felicitations on my narrow escape, I retired to change, and ever afterwards, when I heard any one talk of “cloud-bursts,” the reminiscence of my celestial shower-bath enabled me to form a vivid idea of their portentous signification.

After dinner, I sat outside the hotel to enjoy a siesta. It was a calm, clear evening, all the brighter from the clarifying cloud-burst. The full, resplendent moon, with myriads of stars, shone forth from a deep azure background with redoubled brilliancy—a brilliancy unknown amid the humid haze of the plains. It was so inviting for a walk, that I started off for a stroll up one of the valleys. A short distance from the city I came to a lovely dell, with mountains towering high on either side

almost perpendicularly, seeming as if their peaks touched the heavens. Passing up it a little way, not a sound was to be heard, save my own footsteps softly treading on the grass. The white, bleached, phantom-like tree-stumps, rising irregularly, looked thrillingly down, weird, sepulchral, and ghostly. The beating of my heart was almost audible. A hallowed, supernatural stillness reigned around, and a sense of intense veneration absorbed the solitude of the soul. It seemed a fit and solemn resting-place, whence the spirit might wing its heavenward flight. The lines of a celebrated bard, who touched the chords of human sympathy with unwonted power, came to my mind in all their sacred depth of feeling :

If from society we learn to live,
"Tis solitude must teach us how to die.
It hath no flatterers—vanity can give
No hollow aid—alone man with his God
must strive.

To repeat the words, "Alone man with his God must strive," amidst the awful seclusion of the silent mountains,—alone with the majesty of Nature and Nature's God,—to

gaze on the starry poetry of the heavens and behold the countless eyes of Providence looking lovingly down,—filled the soul with a holy rapture, which lifted it above the world's tumultuous strife into a sublime serenity; inspiring a longing to cast everything earthly aside,—a longing for the ever-living spirit to burst forth from its carnal chrysalis, and, robed in angelic splendour, to soar away, far above the mountain peaks, glistening in snowy purity, into the boundless infinitude of the mighty Unseen and Unknown!—there to awake into a more perfect and glorious reality, a renewed existence that shall continue on and on in a revived, resplendent Immortality!

CHAPTER X.

Collapse of Dreadful Forebodings.—Murdered for a Blanket. — Mining Nomenclature. — The Emma Mine. — The Holy Terror. — I know all, &c.—Recklessness of Human Life.—Killing no Murder. — Mine-vendors.—Proposed Cattle Speculations.—A Mining Atmosphere.—“Watering Stock.”

RETURNING to the hotel, I sat down in the entrance-hall, amongst a group of miners, and joined in the conversation. Their talk was naturally all about mines. At times their jargon was hardly intelligible, especially when Mexican words were introduced, this territory having formerly belonged to Mexico. The expressions occasionally were not the choicest nor most refined, but rather plethoric. I inquired if there were any news about the desperadoes whom I had met the previous day, and who were going to do terrible things at the mining claim they were watching. One of

them was present, and, after a prefatory flourish of sundry violent ejaculations, he informed me that everything had been quietly settled. The city marshal had been up, accompanied by other State officers, and the majesty of the law had been maintained. The dreadful forebodings of the previous evening had therefore collapsed.

On making an observation that very little value seemed to be placed on human life in this country, and it appeared as if killing were no murder, one of the miners remarked :

“Wall, I guess some of the wild boys don’t put much about it,” and volunteered a story. He said that at one of the mining camps, on a bitterly cold night, two miners met in the street. One of them carried two blankets over his shoulder ; the other asked for the loan of one of the blankets for the night, which was refused, because it was so bitterly cold that the owner wanted them both for himself. Upon this the other man hitched out his six-shooter, shot the owner dead on the spot, and walked off with his blankets. The affair took place in the

presence of three witnesses, yet no one moved a hand to arrest the murderer, as such occurrences were common.

"What became of the murderer?" I inquired.

"He was afterwards taken up and tried for the murder, but the trial was delayed for some time. When it came on, the witnesses were nowhere to be found; they had all left the camp, and gone no one knew where. In fact, they had been purposely spirited away by the murderer's friends. No one could be produced at the trial who witnessed the actual commission of the deed; and on this ground, in spite of other strong evidence, the murderer was acquitted."

"That was a gross miscarriage of justice," I remarked.

"Wall, we all said the man ought to have been hanged; but then, you see, there was no one to prove it, and that is how things are done out here. A man's life is no more thought of than a coyote's."

"Ah," I said, "Merwica is the freest and grandest country in the world!"

"I guess you are right, boss, mighty too

free and easy in my opinion," replied a voice, and "the boys" all laughed.

The conversation then turned to the nomenclature of mines, and a dispute arose as to why the famous "Emma" mine was so called. One gave one reason, another a different one. After some disputing in the violent, demonstrative manner so congenial to mining camps, it was decided that the "Emma" mine was so named after little Emma, the daughter of one of the proprietors.

"I guess, Bill, you know why you called your mine 'The Holy Terror?'" cried a voice.

"I'm busted if I'll say."

"Darned, but you must, the boys will have it."

"All for a lady, then?"

"That arn't a female name!"

"Arn't it? That's my wife! She's a Holy Terror!"

There was a roar of laughter, which was redoubled as a voice cried out:

"And where's the Holy Terror now?"

"Left her over the Rockies."

When the peal of mirth had subsided, a miner cried out :

“ Tell us, Tim, what made you call your claim ‘ I know all ? ’ ”

“ Wall, you see, when I left East,—left my gurl there, and—hem—hem ! ”

“ And what ?—squirm it out ! ”

“ Had some trouble with another gurl. When I got here, wrote to my gurl that I was bull-dosing ; told her I would come soon and cage her splendid. She answered short : ‘ I know all. Yours no more, Mary. ’ ”

“ That was a screamer,” exclaimed a voice, but all seemed to take it seriously. It was too pathetic and probably sympathetic to excite amusement.

“ I calculate I can spin a fizzer that ’ ull knock the wadding out of yourn,” said a gruff voice.

“ Go on, go on,” exclaimed two or three voices together.

“ You knew Joe ? Well, Joe and I were buzzing one day about mine names, and sez I to him : ‘ What made you call your claim Tim Finnegan ? ’

“ ‘ Wall, you see,’ sez he, ‘ me and Tuscan

Jake was a playing a game, jes for the drinks you see. In comes one of those thundering bloodthirsty scoundrels that sometimes turns loose in mining camps, hitched out his six-shooter, shot the bar-keeper dead, then turning on me and Tuscan Jake, he bellowed out :

“ “ Move an inch either of you and I’ll blow your brains out ! ”

“ And we knowed he’d do it,—thur was the shooter pointed at us, and thur was the bar-keeper dead. It war fearful. Jake couldn’t stand still. He hitched round a bit. Quick as lightning bang went the shooter, and down dropped Jake dead. The pistol was then turned right full into my face, within a few inches. The hellhound’s eyes blazed with fury, as he roared at the top of his voice :

“ “ Move, move,—you scoundrel,—jes the hundredth part of an inch, an’ I’ll smash your head off ! ”

“ It was the most fearful time I ever knowed. The sweat stood in big drops on my face. If I moved a finger or a muscle he would kill me, and it seemed as if I could

not keep quiet. I felt I was going to move. I dursn't hardly draw a breath. I felt I must move, I must breathe or die, I can't stand still another moment. Jes then a pistol flashed behind the wild beast, and down he dropped at my feet dead in a moment. It was Tim Finnegan did it. Tim Finnegan saved me. Tim Finnegan had been having too many schooners in the early part of the evening, and staggered into a corner, and went to sleep. The shots waked him up, an' the sleep having sobered him, he got up, an' seein' the prospec', without me an' the murderer knowin' it, ripped out his shooter, an', creepin' silently up sent the murdering bloodhound to "kingdom come." So I hugged Tim like a brother, and called my claim Tim Finnegan.'"

"That's not a bad fizzle," said a tall, brawny, powerful fellow, as he got up. "Come, boys, its time to roost, or we shan't be up by cockshout in the morning," he continued, as he went off to bed.

"How much for the rooster?" cried out a voice, as "the boys" all got up and filed away to their rooms. This question created

much merriment, but I could not see the point of the joke.

As soon as they had all departed, I also arose and left, being only too glad to retire.

The next day I returned to Salt Lake City, though reluctant to leave the exquisite mountain air and scenery, in spite of its romantic beauty having been destroyed by the rude and ruthless hand of man.

The first newspaper I took up on my return corroborated the impression I had formed of the utter recklessness of human life which characterised settlements in the far West, and of the *sang froid* with which murders are committed. Undoubtedly this indifference is fostered by the impunity which, to a great extent, follows crime.

The newspaper gave the story of the murder of a well-known frontiersman, called "Wild Bill," remarkable for his fearlessness, skill, and manly beauty. He had been praised in Government despatches. I took an interest in him, having met him going East while on my journey to Salt Lake City.

The story ran that Wild Bill happened to

sit down at the same table with a card-sharper. On the last hand the gambling sharper bet ten dollars and lost, and on settling found he had only seven and a half dollars left. Bill remarked: "You ought not to overbet your pile: that's no way to play cards!" then handed him back five dollars to pay for his lodging and breakfast. The next morning Bill was in a saloon, when the gambling sharper came noiselessly behind him, placed the muzzle of his revolver to the back of his head, and killed Bill on the spot.

The same paper continued to give an account of the widow of Wild Bill, who was twice married. Her first husband also met with a violent death. He was shot dead by a loafer in some trifling altercation.

In another paragraph of the same paper was a further notice of two little boys who quarrelled over a game of marbles. One drew a revolver and killed the other—the elder was only nine. Such is life in the far West: the very children seem to be educated in the use of firearms, and impregnated with the shooting mania.

The fact of my having visited a mining camp, and spent two or three days there, was quite enough for the limited gossiping community of a western city. It was at once bruited about that I was an English capitalist, with plenty of money, on the look out for a mine to take home and place on the English market at a fabulous price, and about fifty times its value. I was besieged by people having mining claims to dispose of. They were dismissed, one after another, with the curt answer that I wanted nothing of the kind. This did not satisfy them, but only increased their importunities. My abrupt indifference was misconstrued into diplomacy. It was put down as a disguise, a mere pretence to beat down the market, so as to pick up something cheap. This was carried to such an extent, that it became an intolerable nuisance. At last, in self-defence, I listened to all every caller had to say, and then bowed him out of the room. This produced the desired effect, for it soon tired them out.

One man, more persistent than the rest, tried to tickle my fancy with cattle-raising.

He showed on paper how a large fortune was to be made in a very short time. His plan was to buy the cattle as they came up from Texas at a few dollars a head, drive them slowly eastward, letting them feed and fatten on the prairie as they went. By the time they got to the eastern markets, they would be worth about four pounds a head, and the profit would be enormous. He advised going in for ten thousand head, which would cost in purchasing and expenses about £15,000, spread over two years. At the end of that time we should net £30,000, or £15,000 a piece. Nothing, he said, would pay like that. On my informing him that I would be ready to put down my share as soon as he was ready to do the same, he hesitated, and blurted out that I had misunderstood him. What he meant was, that he would do all the overseeing, while I paid him a salary, and found all the money.

“ Oh, I see !” I replied, “ that looks very pretty. I am to find all the capital, bear all the expenses for two years, run all the risks, pay you a fixed salary all the time, and then

divide the profits with you! The picture is too beautiful to contemplate, — it quite dazzles me. You'd better try somebody else more verdant."

Salt Lake City, besides being the capital of the Mormon territory, is the headquarters of all the mining business of the district. The whole of the non-Mormon, or Gentile, element consists of mine-owners, mine-speculators, mine-goods' storekeepers, smelters, and miners. Until the discovery of rich mineral deposits on the Wasatch Mountains, some years ago, the city was entirely Mormon. Since the introduction of the mining element, its character has quite changed, and there are almost as many Gentiles as Mormons. Here you dwell in an atmosphere of mines. Mining is the sole absorbing topic of conversation. Morn, noon, and night you hear of nothing else. People talk, write, look, breathe, live, and dream on mines. Like the Athenians, they are always looking out for some new wonder. It is the grand strike here, the splendid discovery there, the mountain of gold somewhere else, and the "busted up"

in another place. Every one is eager after the latest news, as if every pulsation of the heart, every breath of life, even existence itself, present and future, depended on the last bit of gossip, true or untrue. In the midst of such envelopments, all of the earth earthy, much was to be learnt, but it was unpalatable and unsatisfactory. The entire system seems to be radically, fundamentally, and fiscally wrong, both in inception and administration. Speculators vie with each other as to who shall make the "biggest pile," totally regardless of all principle or of any conscientious scruples whatever. If a man succeeds in some huge operation, though of a questionable nature, it is considered a "smart thing." Adventurers seem to scheme how to spirit the money out of some one else's pocket into their own. Under such a "spiritualising" *régime*, honour and honesty become Utopian dreams; while commercial laxity so predominates, that the pulpit and press lamentingly apostrophise the day of emancipation from the thralldom of such wanton recklessness.

The system of American companies facili-

tates questionable transactions. Although a company has its entire capital fully paid up, all shareholders are still liable to "assessments" on their fully paid-up shares. For example, suppose a shareholder has 100 fully paid-up shares of £20 value each in any company. The company requires more capital. Instead of issuing new capital, the original shares are *assessed*, or called to contribute, say, ten shillings per share. If this sum be not paid by a fixed date, the shares are sold, with the above liability attached. The shareholder, unless he buys back his own shares, loses all his stake in the company. This plan opens a door for unprincipled persons to so manipulate a valuable property as to get it entirely into their possession for a trifle.

Another pernicious system, called "watering stock," is applied chiefly to railways. As a rule, American railways pay good dividends of from ten to fifteen or more per cent. But, so soon as a railway becomes prosperous, the process of "watering" begins. This is easily done, owing to the laxity of the law. Railways can be made

anywhere, anyhow, by anybody. Railway boards are, not as in England, restricted by stringent enactments—hence, they have perfect freedom of action. The “watering” is performed thus:—Suppose a railway with £1,000,000 capital is paying 12 per cent. dividends. The board create an additional £1,000,000 of new capital, and distribute it gratis *pro rata* to the shareholders. Thus, a shareholder who has, say, £500 invested in the railway, receives another £500 gratis, thereby doubling his holding to £1,000. The total amount of interest which he receives is the same, only it is spread over £1,000 at 6 instead of £500 at 12 per cent.

Now comes the manipulation. This extra stock is sent to England, and disposed of in the London market. The financial result, then, is this:—The American stock-holders receive back all their money from the proceeds of the financing, or rather finessing, on the London market. At the same time, they retain the whole of their original stock held in New York, only it bears 6 instead of 12 per cent. interest. In other words, the Americans get their railway for nothing,

all their money back, and still retain a stake in the railway to the extent of the whole of their originally-invested capital. It is said that hundreds of millions of English capital have gone over to America to pay for undertakings which thus have not cost our cousins anything, while they have doubled their capital by the transaction. No wonder they have become enriched at our expense. Veritably, "'Merwica is the freest and grandest country in the world!"

CHAPTER XI.

Physiological Discovery.—*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.*—
 Class Separations and Distinctions.—A Court of
 Justice.—An Opium Den.—A Romantic Trio.—A
 Chance for a Wife !—The Very-much-married Lady.
 —Incredible Divorce Facilities.

TO-DAY an important discovery was made, which elucidated a physiological fact that had hitherto appeared inexplicable. At every hotel it will be observed that at the *table-d'hôte* every one drinks nothing but tea, or coffee, or cold water, at every meal, even at dinner. It seemed as if teetotalism were universal. I found I was the only one in the room that took any stimulant, as beer, &c. This rather shamed me out of asking for it at the table, and I used to go after dinner to the bar to get what I wanted. Here, also, I found myself generally the only customer. On my observing to the

bar-boy that he did not seem to do much business, that the Americans appeared to be all teetotalers, drinking only tea and coffee at their meals, he replied :

“ You come at the wrong time, sir. You should come here before meals, or early in the morning before breakfast, or later on in the evening,—then the bar is crowded. We do most business about six in the morning.”

“ So early as that ! ”

“ Yes ; and you will see them drink a whole glassful of raw whisky right off, and then a glass of iced water on the top of it. They do not drink as you do, a thimble-full at the bottom of the glass and then fill it up with water. You are the only guest that drinks like that, and I calculate by that you are an Englishman.”

This opened my eyes, and explained the cause of the prevalence throughout the country of liver and dyspeptic diseases, and the numerous remedies for the same, which formed the staple commodities of advertising quacks. Nothing could be so injurious to the human frame or destructive to its vital functions as pouring raw spirit into an

empty stomach. Moreover, the favourite American spirit is the Bourbon or Kentucky rye whisky, which contains double, or sometimes treble, the amount of alcohol of any of the brands, or rather blends, commonly sold as whisky in the United Kingdom. The mode of taking spirits is also curious. If you ask for a little spirit and water, a small empty glass, about half the size of an ordinary tumbler, is put down on the counter; beside it a second similar glass filled with iced water, and then the bottle of spirit. You help yourself to the spirit as you please, either fill your glass to the brim or take only a teaspoonful, the charge is all the same. You are then supposed to swallow the raw spirit first and the iced water afterwards. The bar-boy observed to me that he wished every customer would take his liquor as I did, a thimbleful of whisky first and fill up the glass with water, for then his governor would soon make his fortune.

Another point was also elucidated at the same time, viz., the necessity and extraordinary activity of temperance advocates

and temperance societies throughout the country. Although Sunday-closing is extensively adopted, it is a mere farce and practically a dead letter. While the front doors of the drinking saloons are kept strictly closed, admission can always be obtained by a private entrance. Even after closing hours on week-days, a private door is always accessible to the initiated.

It may be well here to notice one or two popular fallacies that exist regarding American citizenship. It is paraded forth, that the great advantage of republicanism is, that it makes all equal,—there are no social distinctions,—all are reduced to the same level. Yet, is it so? Is it not more of an idea than a reality, more of theory than practice? True, every one meets on an equal footing. A tradesman or artisan considers himself as good as a millionaire or professional or literary man, and in matters of business all mix on an equality. It is open to any one some day to become President of the United States. Your waiter at table will enter into a familiar conversation with you, especially if you are a

stranger ; but, if he knows you have position, power, and influence, he is more respectful and courteous. In spite of all that is said to the contrary, is there not just as much an aristocracy of power, of wealth, of talent, and of birth under a *liberté, égalité, fraternité* form of Government as under any other form ? Are not all these distinctions worshipped, and is there not just as much class - separation and toadyism under the Mammon of a republic as under monarchical, imperial, and aristocratic institutions ? Take an instance or two, by way of illustration.

It is currently stated that there is but one class on all American railways. True, theoretically, but not practically. You take your railway-ticket, and you find that there is but one fare if you travel by an ordinary car. If you want to travel by a Pullman car, you must pay a higher fare, and you must also pay extra for your sleeping-berth. Here, then, you have at once a separation of classes, and a first and second class distinction, virtually, though it is not so considered nominally. Again, if you want to travel

cheaply, you must take the emigrant train, which runs about half the speed of the ordinary train, at an exceedingly low fare. What is this emigrant train but the counterpart of the third-class or Parliamentary train in England? For it must not be forgotten that the mixing up of the first, second, and third classes in one and the same train in England is comparatively a modern innovation, to meet the requirements of the public and competition. Here, then, we have practically, in America, a first, second, and third class, although it is not so designated.

Take another instance. We are told there is no difference made in hotels, and no class separation or distinction. True again, in theory, but not in practice. There are hotels of all grades. At the highest you pay a pound or more a day; at the lowest, 4s., or even less. The *élite*, and those who can afford to pay, flock to the higher-priced hotels, the *oi polloi* to the cheaper ones. What is this, again, but a class-separation? To be consistent with the principle of equality, all hotels should be equal.

It is unnecessary to follow this subject

through its numerous ramifications. It is evident to any observant traveller that, though some class-barriers are knocked down,—and sometimes there is too much familiarity, approaching often to rudeness,—yet the fact of a universal equality is a fallacy. There is just as much caste toadyism, *kow-towing*, and class-partitioning as in any of the oldest and most aristocratic nations of the Old World. In fact, the older families of America, the descendants of the first settlers, pride themselves just as much in the antiquity of their descent, and look down as contemptuously on newcomers, emigrants, interlopers, and adventurers, as old, aristocratic, proud British families on mushroom upstarts.

There is also much display of affectation. Every pleader is a councillor, every attorney a judge, every judge a chief justice, every charlatan a professor; while captains, colonels, and generals abound. I was taken one day to be introduced to “the General,” imagining it was the general commanding the troops;—was introduced to a very unmilitary-looking young man. On afterwards

expressing my surprise at so young and unmartial a general officer, it was explained to me that he was only the Surveyor-General !

Strange tales have been told of American courts of justice, so one day I attended one of the courts. The judge was seated behind a long table, in ordinary costume. The two opposing counsel faced each other on the opposite side of the table, with a huge salivarian, about two feet in diameter, between them. They were plainly dressed, without wigs or gowns, or any dignified emblem of justice, as employed in Europe. One counsel was standing up arguing the case while masticating a cud of tobacco, every now and then clearing his throat with a shot at the salivarian. The other counsel was lolling in his arm-chair, with his legs up on the judge's table, staring daggers at his opponent, restlessly champing upon his cud, which seemed very uncomfortable, and at intervals replying defiantly to his antagonist's shots at the salivarian. The learned judge sat calm and demure, with eyes cast down, twirling a piece of string on his fingers, making no notes, seemingly indifferent to the argument,

and taking an occasional shot at the cuspidor or salivarian. Presently a little boy comes in from a door behind the judge's chair, jumps on his austere parent's lap, talks to his *pater*. The judge takes no notice of his son, remains silent, imperturbable, and apparently unconcerned to everything and everybody around him. A little while, number two child comes in and disputes possession of the *pater's* lap with number one. Pa remains grave and stolid as ever. A little while more, and a tall, sylphlike girl, about twelve, glides in, stands by pa's chair, strokes one of the little boys' heads, and talks to pa. Pa remains silent and immovable. Counsel goes on arguing. At last, the girl asks pa, softly, yet audibly to the court, "if they might all go and see the wild beast show that was coming." Pa answers "Yes." The boys jump off their father's lap, and, with the girl, rush out of the room, slamming the door as they went. Counsel continues arguing, judge looks placidly down, still twirling the string between his fingers as if nothing had occurred. A distant sound of a band comes floating on

the breeze. It gets louder and louder. It comes opposite the court-house. Judge jumps up, counsel stops pleading, and all rush to the windows to see the wild-beast show pass by. When it has passed, all return to their places, the court resumes its solemnity, and the case goes on as before. When the counsel had concluded his argument (he had been replying to his opponent), the judge says, in a few words, and in a placid tone: "I rule for plaintiff, and give no reasons," writes his order on a slip of paper, hands it to his clerk, and dismisses the court. I at once retired, lost in admiration at the sublimity and expectorations of an occidental court of justice.

A friend invited me to accompany him on a visit to an opium den. Neither of us had seen one, and it was arranged to start at midnight, partly to avoid the police, and partly because a den is seen to most advantage after that hour, when the opium fumes begin to work and have their fullest effect. We left the hotel at midnight, well muffled up, for the night was chilly, with a bright moon to light our way. After ten minutes'

walking, we met our guide at the appointed rendezvous. He guided us through several streets, then, looking round to see no police were near, slipped into a long, dark, narrow passage, which led into a courtyard. Crossing this courtyard, our guide tapped gently at a door. He tapped several times before getting an answer. On giving the password, we were admitted into a winding, dark passage, which also ended in a small courtyard. Crossing this, we tapped at another door. As before, there was no reply without repeated tappings. The password being again given, the door opened and admitted us into another dark passage, with a door at one side. Tapping gently at this door, and giving the "open sesame," we were admitted into a dimly-lighted little room, in which were three or four Chinamen. Our guide introduced us, and informed the Chinamen we were his friends, wanting to see the place. The price of admission to the mysteries of the interior was a pipe of opium, cost four shillings. The opium pipe is a hollow stick about a yard long, at the end of which is a peculiarly-shaped flat earthenware bowl, on

which a little lump of opium about the size of a pea is placed. This is dexterously manipulated by the Chinamen with a piece of wire, until it grows into a ball about the size of a pigeon's egg. Live charcoal was then placed round this inflated ball, and it was ready for smoking. We were now led down another small, dark passage, which opened into the den—well worthy of its name. The chamber was so dense with the opium smoke, and the light so dim, that at first the interior was hardly visible. When your eyes got accustomed to the dim light, you perceived a small, low-roofed chamber about ten feet square and eight feet high, without a window or aperture for ventilation excepting the keyhole. Around the den were ranged four wide reclining divans, with pillows in two tiers, one above the other. On the lower tier of one reclined two gentlemen with a lady between them, all smoking opium. We sat down on the vacant lower divan, and commenced smoking. My friend got on very well with his pipe, but I could not manage mine at all. The mouthpiece and hole in the stem are so

uncomfortably large, that you have to inhale it with all your power. All my several attempts were abortive, so I abandoned the pipe in despair, being only too glad to escape the ordeal, although I was assured that a single pipe was harmless. It required several pipes to transport you into the land of dreamy celestial visions.

All this time the lady and two gentlemen were smoking away, regardless of our presence. Our guide called attention to them. They had just ceased smoking. The lady and one of the gentlemen had laid their heads on a pillow. The other gentleman rested his head on the lady's lap. They appeared to be getting into an unconscious state, as if going off to sleep. The lady had very pretty features, in spite of their being thin, worn, and sallow. Her large beautiful eyes were rolling about dreamily, as if under some bewitching spell, or swimming away on an ocean of bliss. Suddenly she started up, pointed her hand weirdly at me, and in a wild and excited manner cried out: "That gentleman is staring at me. Look! look!" then slowly sank down again on her pillow

and relapsed into a semi-unconscious state. The two gentlemen rolled their eyes around, as if gazing on vacancy, and heeded not her exclamation. They seemed, even with their eyes open, to be absorbed in dreamy oblivion. Gradually their eyes closed, and they went off as in a swoon. We arose and left them in the enjoyment of their transient Elysium.

It was a melancholy, pitiable sight to see three highly-educated people lying senseless, intoxicated with the fumes of a poisonous drug, the miserable victims of a depraved passion, wasting their short lives, and hastening themselves by a suicidal process into a premature grave.

Leaving the den, we were led along a dark, tortuous, narrow passage, holding each other's hands, and going sideways, into another courtyard. Knocking at a door, and giving the "open sesame," it opened on to a landing which looked down into an underground cellar about thirty feet square. Through the dim fumes we could see it was crowded with Chinese, some reclining, smoking opium, others seated at tables, gambling with cards or dice in a

most excited manner. It was a Babel of confusion. After looking round a while, we were shown the remarkable rapidity with which a Chinaman made intricate calculations with a framework of coloured balls moved up and down on parallel wires. We then retired. Having seen all that was worth seeing, our guide led us through a labyrinth of dark passages and courtyards, sometimes feeling our way, until we suddenly emerged into the open street,—time 2.30 A.M.,—into the clear, crisp morning air. The moon and stars, though shining brilliantly forth from a cloudless sky, had a half-dazed appearance, and we seemed to be looking at them with several pairs of eyes!

My friend complained of being very hungry, and suggested our visiting a restaurant, to which I readily assented, though wondering at his proposition at that hour of the morning. However, he knew a house that was open, and thither we went. We had an excellent meal of scoloped oysters, which, owing to our keen appetites, seemed the most delicious dish we had ever tasted. We agreed it was food for angels, especially

fallen ones ! After our repast, we returned to the hotel and slept till a late hour in the day, overcome by the soporific effects of the opiate fumes.

“Oh ! you horrid, dissipated wretch ! turned opium-smoker, haunting disreputable opium dens, coming home at day-dawn,—you ought to be ashamed of yourself !” I fancy I hear some prudish, staid signoras at home exclaiming.

Be it so. I have seen a picture of wretched degradation and horrible infatuated wickedness far more powerful and impressive than any sermon, and which none but a forlorn idiot would care to see again.

The effect of the opium fumigation lasted for three or four weeks. It made me sleep most profoundly every night, with sometimes dim, distant visions of an angelic cloudland. During the day it produced a sensation of drowsiness and stupidity. Nor did I get rid of the smell of the smoke off my overcoat for months afterwards ; so strongly were my clothes impregnated with the disagreeable and unmistakable odour for about a week,

that several acquaintances remarked they hoped I had not abandoned myself to the vice of opium-smoking.

In a subsequent conversation with my friend, he informed me that there was rather a romantic story about the lady and two gentlemen we had seen. They were both well off, both the gentlemen were in love with the lady, and, as she could not make up her mind which to marry, they had agreed to dream away their lives together in an opium den. They meet at the opium den every evening, remaining there all night, returning to their homes in the morning. They sleep all the day away, and when evening comes on they feel a craving to get back again to the opium den and smoke themselves off again into a transient, visionary oblivion. On inquiring how it would all end, he stated that this sort of thing would go on until ultimately the practice got such an irresistible hold that it would be impossible to shake it off, and existence become intolerable without it. They finally get into such a deplorable condition that they cannot take any food at all, their bodies gradually waste

away, get dried and shrivelled up, till at last they die a miserable death, partly from atrophy or starvation, and partly from opium poisoning.

Seated at the hotel entrance one afternoon, a very pretty, dashing-dressed lady with an exquisite figure passed by. A friend seated at my side remarked :—

“There, governor, there’s a chance for you for a wife.”

“That’s not my style,” I replied; “besides, she is a married woman, I understand.”

“That doesn’t matter; if you make up kindly to her, and she takes a liking to you, she’ll manage to get rid of her husband.”

“What ! shoot him ?”

“No, get a divorce.”

“Nonsense,” I said. “If she cares in the smallest degree for her husband, she wouldn’t go for a divorce. It is too uncertain, tedious, and expensive.”

“Nothing is easier in this country. Some lawyers East will get a divorce in a few days, if pressing.”

"Indeed! you astonish me. But when a woman is married, in my opinion, she is 'fixed up,' as you say here."

"Hah! but she is not a bit fixed up. She is fond of change; she has had several husbands already. She has been very much married."

"Well, if she has killed so many husbands, I wonder any one had courage enough to approach her again."

"None of her husbands have died. She has divorced them all. So soon as she gets tired of a husband, she leaves him. It is easy to make up a story of some kind about desertion, cruelty, &c. There are attorneys East whose business it is to run divorces — nay, can do it cheaply and quickly."

"Impossible! Incredible!" I exclaimed. "Your marriage laws must be very lax, or divorce laws very loose."

"It is the divorce laws are free and easy. A divorce can be got on almost any plea in some courts."

"I'm not one to play pranks on man and wife. When a woman is married, the

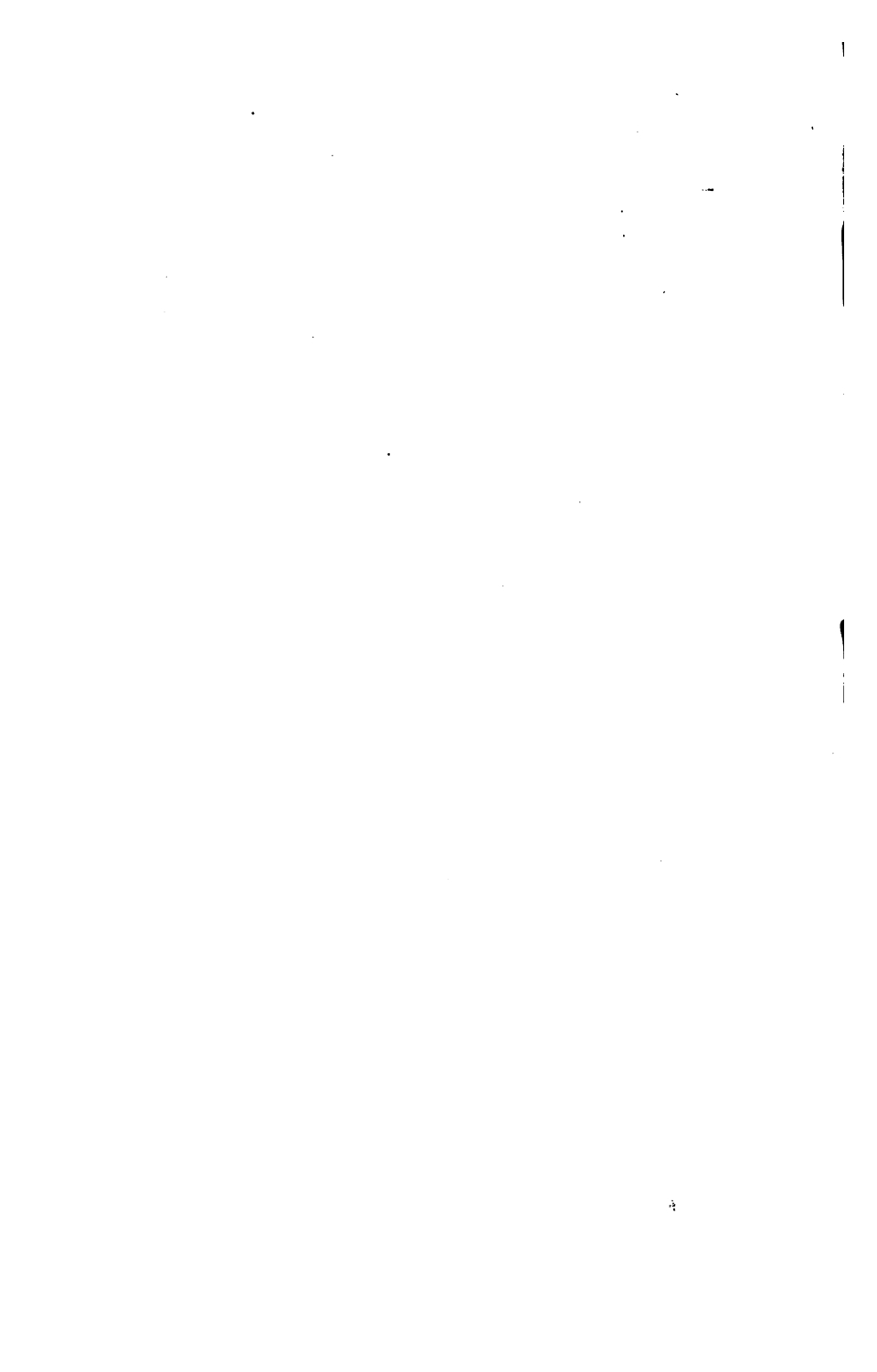
romance is gone; and when she has been married and divorced several times—

“She’s played out altogether, I calculate,” interrupted my friend, as he rose and retired.

This conversation induced me to examine into so strange a state of affairs. On inquiry, I found that in the legal enactments of one of the eastern States the following is one of the clauses of their divorce laws. A divorce can be obtained upon “any such misconduct as permanently destroys the happiness of the petitioner, and defeats the purpose of the marriage relation.” This clause is so vague, loose, wide in its interpretation, and leaves so much to the discretion of the court, that it enables a divorce to be procured on almost any absurd plea or quibble whatever. In fact, it is stated that divorce cases have been often decided on *ex-parte* evidence, and rushed through the court in two or three hours.

There are some Englishmen who are fond of advocating everything American, and of incorporating Americanisms with our own time-honoured institutions. We can certainly learn much of novelty from our

advanced cousins; but it would be an unfortunate and unhappy day for this country if our divorce laws were so wantonly relaxed as to enable any one to play at ducks and drakes with the sanctity of matrimony.



OUT WEST.



PART IV.—THE MORMONS.



CHAPTER XII.

Prelude.—Mormon Tenets.—A Missionary Meeting.—
The Utah Tabernacle.—A Strange Story.—The
Mormon Character. — Polygamy. — Brigham
Young's Seraglio.—False Position of Woman.—
Her Misery when Discarded.—Domestic Customs.
—Dr. De Witt Talmage's Views.

IN the following observations on Mormonism, it is not intended to enter into any elaborate or argumentative disquisition on the religious aspect of the subject, for such a discussion would exceed the limits of this work. The author will confine his remarks mainly to the social question—relate a few facts and incidents that came within his own cognisance—the information obtained from reliable sources—prevailing opinions accompanied with his own impressions—and leave his readers to judge for themselves.

Mormonism has its advocates and

detractors. There have been fulsome adulations on one side, counterbalanced by violent diatribes on the other. From the Mormon point of view, all is *couleur de rose*. From the other aspect—*i.e.*, the outer Gentile or outcast world (as the Mormons consider all who are outside the pale of their sect)—it is the reverse. Mormonism, pure and simple, as at first propounded, presented some few features favourable to superstitious fanaticism. It takes the Bible for its groundwork, accepts it as the word of God; believes in the Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; punishment for individual sins; faith in Christ; the atonement; repentance; baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; the gift of the Holy Ghost, &c. It takes its departure from Christianity by stepping out of its way to accept the so-called book of Mormon as a Divine revelation, and introduces several novel minor ordinances. It then proceeds a step further aside by allowing polygamy to sweep like a pestilential blast over its faith, blighting and destroying whatever of sanctity or purity remained.

Polygamy is not an original tenet. It is stoutly denounced by the book of Mormon. It is a subsequent innovation. The Bible is referred to for its sanction by adapting whatever is suitable and ignoring all contrary evidence. The Mormons profess a devout belief in the Bible, yet have a wonderful aptitude for twisting and perverting its meanings to suit their purposes. They shield themselves under the proviso "so far as it is translated correctly," *i.e.*, so far as it accords, or can be made to accord, with their doctrines. Between the Bible and the book of Mormon they have built up an extraordinary superstition.

The Mormons are wise in their generation. They entertain strangers with hospitality. If you are a senator or hold any high position in the Government, or have come to report on the country, you are lavishly fêted, and the utmost is done to prepossess you favourably with their religion and mode of life. It is easy, then, to understand how those who see only the bright side of Mormonism under the sunshine of hospitality should speak of its institutions in laudatory terms.

The *sub-rosa* law of hospitality would naturally enough throw a film over the vision and give a more roseate hue to individual opinions. There are others, again, who have business relations with the Mormons, whose interest it is to keep on good terms with them, and to speak well of them. The opinions of such, however, are biassed, one-sided, and unreliable. The only way to form an impartial opinion is to take an entirely independent position and to keep your eyes and ears open.

My first introduction to Mormonism, singularly enough, occurred some years ago at the Music-hall, Store Street, London. One Sunday I was asked by one of my servants about the Mormons. She said she had been pressed by a man who gave her a paper to attend a Mormon missionary prayer meeting, to be held as above stated. I went with her. We found the hall crowded to excess, with only standing room. The audience consisted entirely of the poorer classes, women and servant girls preponderating. After a hymn and prayer, strongly tinctured with Mormonism, one of the missionaries

made a speech. He held forth, that the Mormons were the only true Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Referring to the Bible, he cleverly introduced texts of Scripture, in which the word "saints" appeared, in order to show how often they had been mentioned, and how completely their advent, *i.e.*, the Mormon saints in the latter days, had been predicted in the Bible. By a skilful manipulation and gross perversion of the true meaning and facts of various texts, he appeared to convince his illiterate and ignorant audience. After this, another speaker got up. He gave a glowing account of Salt Lake City and territory, portrayed a captivating picture of its beautiful climate, with peace and happiness, plenty of work, cheap and abundant food, and held out great inducements and advantages to emigrants, which were said to be unsurpassed by any other country in the world. Having listened until I was not only tired but disgusted at the misrepresentations and utter perversions of the Bible, approaching at times to outrageous blasphemy, we left. My companion was evidently

much taken by the discourses, and a very little more would have converted her into a Mormon. However, I showed her convincingly how false, if not blasphemous, was the attempt to connect Mormonism with the Bible, and how completely they had perverted the truth of various passages to suit their own ends. My observations dissuaded her from thinking any more of the Mormons. As regards all that was said about Salt Lake City and the dazzling pictures set forth, they may have been true or false for all I then knew. Not a word was said about plurality of wives. This point was studiously avoided.

Doubtless there were some converts made at that meeting. Many a hard-worked and poorly-paid servant girl or woman struggling against poverty would have been easily captivated by the picture of a land flowing with milk and honey,—of being her own mistress in an independent home of her own,—particularly when the vision is encircled with the golden fringe of a free passage out. Many are thus led away on the spur of the moment by an alluring romance, without a thought beyond the

hour, and without for a moment supposing that the reality may not be so bright as it was painted. They are left to discover that, on arriving in Utah, they will have to marry a man, a perfect stranger, who has probably already more than one wife ; to refund their passage expenses out of their earnings ; to contribute a tenth of everything to the church annually, besides being hampered by slavish restrictions.

My next acquaintance with Mormonism was made when attending the tabernacle in Salt Lake City. It is a huge building, capable of containing, it is said, 10,000 people. It has a very fine organ, and the singing is tolerably fair. The preaching was execrable. It repeated the oft-told tale of Mormonism, vindicated plural marriages, but lacked eloquence and spiritual power. There was little of the Bible, and less of the Gospel of Christ. The preacher ranted on the monstrous doctrine that the Latter-day Saints were the only true Church, that they alone would inherit salvation, while all the rest of the world were doomed to everlasting and irrevocable perdition. He made

a lamentable exhibition of his cause and himself, fulminating enmity and ill-will against the whole non-Mormon, outcast world.

On another occasion, some returned missionaries from Europe were addressing the meeting in rotation. They had nothing to say, beyond expressing their gratitude at having enjoyed the privilege of carrying the Gospel to the benighted, wicked, heathen, England included. One speaker related a marvellous story. He said he had been labouring in the English strike districts. He had beheld riots where the lawless mob seized everything. The police were not to be found. The military, when turned out, fraternised with the rioters. He described pictures of dreadful destitution. His first meeting was followed by a colliery explosion, over thirty killed. His second meeting was succeeded by another fatal colliery explosion. After his third meeting a theatre was burned down. His fourth meeting was followed by a strike, and his fifth meeting by a most terrific colliery explosion, where over two hundred lost their lives; and yet, he said,

the people in that sinful land, England, were so hardened in their hearts that they cannot comprehend the signs of the times, and will not repent, nor embrace the only true faith.

To all external appearances, the Mormons are a sober, thrifty, industrious, docile, law-abiding, and well-behaved people. Their self-reliance and energy are remarkable. They are straightforward, upright, and honest in their dealings, and in executing contracts. They make excellent, hard-working, and steady labourers, mechanics, artisans, and miners. They have an implicit and fervent belief in their religion, are most earnest and zealous in their faith, while the church exercises over them a powerful restraining discipline. They are presumably happy and contented, though many are poor, living in the simplest and most primitive manner. So far, there are many traits in their character worthy of respect and admiration ; but, beyond this, the catalogue of their virtues is exhausted.

The huge blot on the Utah escutcheon is polygamy. It spreads over the land like the leprous trail of the serpent. It is the

source of many evils, no matter what may be said to the contrary. It was instituted by that arch-polygamist, Brigham Young, who had eighteen *so-called* wives and sixty children. His house was surrounded by high walls, like an Oriental harem, with a school built within his own grounds for the education of his numerous progeny.

I said *so-called* wives, because I take issue on this point. They may be designated wives amongst their own community, and received and treated as such; they may have local laws, written and unwritten, to suit themselves; but when a Mormon comes into a United States court of law, even within his own territory, he denies having more than one wife, in order to escape prosecution for polygamy. Then he only admits to one wife, the rest are "sealed" to him by some mysterious ceremony, performed in secret, in what they call their "endowment house." Practically and unmistakably, a Mormon has but one wife in the eyes of the national laws,—the one he was first married to; all the rest are concubines, or "conks," as they are called.

Recently, the Government has passed an Act disfranchising every one guilty of polygamy: every polygamist is hence an outlaw.*

It is absolutely necessary that there should be no mistake on this point of so-called plural wives, and that a woman should clearly and distinctly understand, that in becoming the second, third, fourth, or any other multiple of a man, than the first legal wife, she has no status whatever in the United States law courts, no matter what Mormon laws may define, or what her domestic relations may be among her own sect. But even here, her position is questionable, as will be presently shown,† because no record of such plural marriages can be produced when required. How, then, can pluralities, numbers two, three, four, procure any legal marriage documents or enjoy any legitimate or even moral *locus standi* as regards rights of property?

* The Mormons have since formed a conspiracy to nullify the national laws against polygamy, and serious danger is apprehended.

† See next chapter (XIII.).

Look again at the unfortunate position in which a woman is placed when it happens that a Mormon, to suit his own ends, discards all but the one wife. A Mormon wanted to open business relations and connexions in the City of London. He found that as a polygamist he could do nothing. He therefore cast off all but the favourite of his harem, and had the conscience to come to London, declaring he was not a polygamist. He did not tell the people in London that he had thrown off his other so-called wives, and left his despised cast-offs to eke out a pitiable existence in desolate ignominy.

Or take another case which often occurs. A Mormon rises in the world, amasses a fortune, becomes independent, refuses to submit to the arbitrary demands of the Mormon president for the tenth of his income, property, &c., and hence renounces Mormonism altogether. What then becomes of his uxorious pluralities? Their position is worse than ever, for they have not even the cold shadow of Mormonism to shelter or comfort them. They are utter, outlawed

outcasts, abandoned to the worst depths of degradation.

Look further still, and more closely, into their domestic arrangements, and see the forlorn position a woman occupies when she can only claim a fraction of a nominal husband. When a Mormon can afford it, he gives each woman a separate house to live in. Where he is too poor, each woman occupies her own room, under the same roof with others. The house is thus divided against itself. Each room becomes a separate home; each woman lives entirely in her own room, cooks her own food, and keeps herself as separate and distinct as if it were a separate house. Her lord and master visits and lives with each in turn. Can any one for a moment suppose that such a system can promote that mutual confidence, mutual, constant intercourse, indivisibility, peaceful harmony, and refinement, so essential to domestic felicity? How can such a heathenish, Mahomedan arrangement do otherwise than destroy the sanctity and divinity of marriage, and embitter that wisest, holiest, and happiest of institutions?

Human depravity too often shuts its eyes and blinds itself to the fact that, had it been intended for man to have more than one wife, at the genesis of time more than one Eve would have been created. This point needs no argument, and these remarks may be aptly closed by the following eloquent and forcible language of the celebrated American divine, Dr. De Witt Talmage, who says :

“Think of a system which wrecks the happiness of every woman that touches it, for I do not care what they say, God never made a woman who can cheerfully divide a husband’s love with another. Every honest wife knows she has a right to the entire throne of her husband’s affection. They may smile to keep up appearances, but they have an agony of death, and the most pitiable thing in all the earth is an aged woman in Mormonism. The aged woman in other parts of the land we bow before; we take off our hat to her, we do her reverence. The softest chair in the house is grandmother’s chair; she is the queen on Christmas and thanksgiving days. The

older she gets, and the more wrinkles on her face, and the more stooped her shoulder, the more we think of her ; and when God takes her away to the eternal rest, it seems as if three-fourths of the house were torn down. But a woman getting aged in Mormonism, she is shoved back, and is paid less and less attention, and is of less and less account. Why? Another has taken the throne, and after awhile she will be dethroned and another will come up and another. I tell you, Mormonism is one great surge of licentiousness ; it is the seraglio of the Republic, it is the concentrated corruption of this land, it is the brothel of the nation, it is hell enthroned ! ”

CHAPTER XIII.

Marrying Three Wives at Once.—A London Orphan Girl Victimised.—Forced to become number two.—Her Brown, Squint-eyed Co-wives.—Tries to Escape, but Fails.—Is Rescued.—The Trigamist Arrested.—Are the Women to Blame?—Trapping a Girl from London.—Trapping a Welsh Lass.—Harem Felicities.—“There’s nae luck about the house.”—Arrival of a Cargo of Dupes.—Sorting out Brides.

THERE was an important trial took place lately at Salt Lake City. A Mormon was arrested and arraigned for committing trigamy on the one and self-same day. The case created considerable excitement, and exhibited some peculiar features relative to the customs and character of Mormonism. One of the unfortunate victims was a young, respectable orphan girl from near London, who had lost both parents in early childhood. She had a lover who was of a roving disposition. He found his way to Utah, turned

Mormon, and soon rose to become an elder in the Church. He corresponded with his London lady-love, while at the same time he engages to marry two Utah damsels, who are sisters. Before this duplex alliance is consummated, he is selected to proceed as a missionary, to convey the Mormon gospel to the benighted heathen of the British Islands. Arrived in London, he renews his courtship with his first flame, prevails on her to turn Mormon, and accompany him to America, to marry him there under the Mormon rites, which, he said, it was impossible to perform correctly in England. He promises her she shall be his one and only wife. She—confiding, trusting, innocent young orphan, of about twenty summers,—believes all the asseverations of her lover, to whom she was warmly attached, for they had known each other from childhood. In the fervour of her youthful affection, she consents to go with him. All this time nothing is said of polygamy, or of his pre-engagement to marry two other women in Utah.

After they had left England, he informs her that she is not the sole queen of his

heart—that he has two other intended wives in Utah, to dispute the sovereignty with her. She is indignant, she taunts her lover as a base deceiver, she is miserable, her hopes and dreams of happiness are at once destroyed. Her deceiver, with all the cool effrontery of a villain, tries to console her and reconcile her to the idea of having only one-third of his now worthless affection, by promising her faithfully she shall have the first place and become his first lawful wife. She spurns the proposition as a breach of faith. While staying at an hotel in New York, he tries to seduce her, and only desists on her threatening to alarm the whole house. Arriving at Salt Lake City, she still repelled the idea of being one of three wives, and it required the whole power, influence, and terrorism of the Mormon priesthood to persuade her ultimately to yield to the arrangement. It was, in fact, forced upon her, a helpless and friendless orphan in an unknown land.

When introduced to her future co-wives, she was horrified. They “were brown, squint-eyed things, coarse as can be, and

totally ignorant." She understood they worked in the fields. "They are common, ignorant girls," she said; "and I could no more associate with them than I could make a companion of my own servants at home." Such was the wretched prospect before her in the miserable, divided home into which she was to be led. Mated with repulsive creatures far beneath her, whom her heart would despise and abhor all the more for dividing with her that love which she fondly thought was all her own. Finally, the poor girl was compelled to yield to the marriage taking place against her will. Before this was done, the question of priority had to be settled. Here again she was deceived. Her quondam lover again broke his promises. The matter was left for the Mormon president to decide. He laid down the Mormon law that, as in baptism, so in marriage, the eldest was to be first. One of the two squint-eyed sisters was older, the other younger, than herself. Hence she must take second or middle place. The last ray of hope that fringed the dark clouds that gathered round the horizon of her future

home now vanished. Her cup of bitterness was now filled to the brim. She was doomed to a life of degraded misery.

Driven into such a repulsive and unholy alliance, while the wedding entertainment was going on, she tried to escape, but was forcibly prevented. The whole circumstances became noised abroad. The United States authorities were moved to action. She was rescued on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and found a home amongst some sympathising Gentile ladies. The scoundrel, her alleged husband, was arrested for polygamy and brought up for trial. Several of the Mormon elders or high priests, including the president himself, were among the witnesses. There was so much false swearing, such conflicting testimony, it was difficult to arrive at the truth, and prove a polygamous marriage. It was stated that the ceremony was a secret one, and all were bound by oath not to reveal anything. The whole affair seemed to have been conducted in a very loose fashion, the chief rite being holding of the hands and kissing. There was a conflict of statements about any register being kept. If there was

a register, no one knew where it was, who kept it, nor anything at all about it. No papers or documents were signed by the parties married. Their names were written on a piece of paper handed in, and after the mysterious ceremony was over, the paper was destroyed. One of the witnesses, a daughter of the late Brigham Young, declined to answer anything, lest she should be convicted of a crime. Another witness, lately arrived from England, and who attended the wedding feast, a non-Mormon young lady, but whose brother was a Mormon, gave evidence which tended to show that at least a bigamous marriage had been ratified the same day, and that one of the brides cried and was most miserable. For giving this damnatory evidence, her brother turned her adrift out of his home, and she also had to seek refuge amongst the Gentiles, which was readily accorded.

The man was committed for trial, but let out on bail. Meanwhile, it was reported that the girl was recovered by the Mormons by stratagem, and secreted. If the trial took place before a jury, with Mormons in

the majority, which is most probable, there would have been no conviction. Nevertheless, this account is useful, to illustrate and corroborate the opinions advanced, regarding the deceitful and debasing tactics pursued by Mormon emissaries, in enticing and deluding away innocent girls and young women from their distant English homes to a life of repulsive iniquity. It further shows the illegality, laxity, and utter worthlessness of such plural unions; for no strictly legal records of such transactions can be produced. Moreover, it proves that polygamy is not such a happy, harmonious institution as is constantly represented.

It is evident, then, that it is not the woman's fault, when she is so cruelly driven into degradation, and becomes the victim of an obnoxious and depraved corruption. To her honour be it said that in her youthful confiding innocence, she is deluded away from her native home by false representations and specious promises, and, when the appalling reality is disclosed, she staggers and rebels at the gross and abominable swindle. But then, she is far from her

native home, in a strange land,—friendless, helpless, penniless, with poverty and starvation staring her in the face. What can she do? She is thus forced to yield to a system so repugnant and offensive to all womanly honour and purity; and, in spite of her nobler instincts, she is driven, in the overwhelming agony of despair, to succumb to a miserable life of hypocritical infamy.

Take two more cases, as samples of every-day occurrence. A fine, handsome young woman, from one of the London suburbs, was a servant at one of the Mormon hotels. She stated that she had only lately arrived out, and, during the short time she had been in Utah, she had seen enough to disgust her with Mormonism. She would be too glad to get back to England, but had no money or friends, and had to work for her living. She could not write or hear from her relatives, for her letters were intercepted. A man wanted to marry her, but he already had two wives, and she loathed the idea of being a third wife. She was willing to marry him, if he gave up his other two wives, but this he would not do. She

was afraid, if she could not escape, she would be compelled to marry the man, as he was trying to force her into it.

The other case was somewhat similar. A sweetly-pretty Welsh lass was also a servant at an hotel. She was suffering from a severe bronchial attack, but, ill as she was, had to go through her work. She was told by one of the visitors that she ought to apply to be put on the sick list for two or three days, as she was quite unfit for work. She replied that if she complained of being ill, and asked for a day's rest, she would be at once dismissed and her place supplied by another, for the Mormon manageress was a very severe woman. She could not afford to do that, because she had a delicate invalid mother to support, and if she lost her place they would both have to starve. Upon being pressed, she told her history, and the Welsh town she came from. She and her mother had been deluded away from their home in Wales by promises which turned out to be false, and they found everything totally different to what they had been led to expect. There was a Mormon wanted

to marry her, but he was a stranger, already had two wives, and she had a horror of such a marriage. Worse than all, he was a cut-throat-looking ruffian, and she hated the very sight of him. When she first came, she and her mother were made over to this man. He found them a house, fed them, and supplied them with all they wanted. He was continually pressing her to marry him, but she resolutely refused to do so. Then he cut off all supplies to her mother and herself, to try to starve her into marrying him. She had therefore taken a situation in the hotel, to support herself and mother. If she lost that, she would either have to become the third so-called wife of the man she hated, or die, with her mother, of starvation.

Another incident may be recorded here, as bearing on the question of the domestic felicity of the Mormons. The landlord of a country hotel rejoiced in four so-called wives. It was a fair-sized hotel, and the spouses did all the work. It was an economical way of managing an hotel, for he had only, so to speak, to feed and clothe his spousal chambermaids, without any salary; besides, being

their lord and master, he had them completely under his control. One afternoon he took all his wives out for a drive in a wagonette. The youngest wife, a girl of about twenty summers (he was more than double that age), sat next the driver, a handsome young fellow about her own age. She joked and amused herself with him all the time they were out, much to the annoyance of her liege lord. When they returned home, the wrath of her Bluebeard broke loose, and happiness was gone for the rest of that day at least. It so happened that this girl's "domicile" adjoined the room where one of the visitors slept. There was only a thin wooden partition between, so that everything could be distinctly heard. After all had retired to rest, the visitor was awakened by loud talking in the adjoining room. There was a very angry conversation going on between the landlord and his vivacious young spouse. They were having a "few words" together, till the few words ran higher and higher. The spousal adjunct number four held her own well at first. It was a very lively and entertaining dramatic performance to the listener,

who rather enjoyed getting a peep behind the Mormon domestic veil. At last the woman quieted down, and then the man took up all the running abuse by himself. It was as ugly a piece of malignant bullying as could be well conceived. She was to behave herself in future. He would not allow her to do this, nor that, nor take her out again. She was never to talk to that young man again. If she did, he would take her before the President at Salt Lake City, expose her wickedness, disgrace her for ever in the Tabernacle, before the whole of Mormonism, and excommunicate her as an outcast. This was too much for the young woman, and she burst out sobbing. It was also too much for the visitor, who roared out at the top of his voice: "Stop all that thar' darned bull-dosing next door!" This created a flutter in the dovecot, and then all quieted down. This episode afforded an unexpected private peep into the felicity of a civilised harem.

Take one further instance where each woman lives under a separate roof. Go to an outlying district, where polygamy is said

to thrive in its simplest form, and the people lead happy, peaceful, and contented lives. Superficially it may appear so—when a visitor goes with a brief in his hand, with the avowed object of reporting on the country. Preparations are then made for his reception, and the pictures produced are like theatrical representations—got up to order. But get behind the scenes unexpectedly, and then the truth is revealed.

A traveller was benighted in the mountains, and had to seek the shelter of a secluded Mormon homestead. The mistress of the house behaved civilly and hospitably. She had several blooming children, the picture of health. Her husband, or rather modicum of a husband, was absent. He had another favourite wife in a larger farmhouse, some miles distant down the valley, who mostly claimed his time and society. The hostess, though kind and attentive, seemed to have an air of melancholy about her. Everything was done in a listless, spiritless manner, as if it were a duty, not a pleasure. There was a something wanting,

and that something is best expressed in the words of the Scotch song :—

For there’s nae luck about the house,
There’s nae luck at a’ ;
There’s little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman’s awa’.

It was the same with the children,—dear rosy blooms! They did not play about merrily as other children. There was not the freedom and lightheartedness so characteristic of buoyant childhood. There was a dark shadow over their enjoyments. They could not look forward to a kind, indulgent father returning home every evening to cheer their youthful spirits. There was no reflection of the poet’s picture of a true cottage home :—

At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children’s looks that brighten at the blaze ;
While his fond partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board.

There was no such genuine, unalloyed happiness. The centre-piece of the picture was absent. The life and mainstay of the homestead was wanting. Figuratively, there was

only a far-off, lurid, flickering light, shedding its brightest radiance elsewhere. Like a will-o'-the-wisp, it was seen only in fitful flashes, at distant intervals. Talk of the blessings of a pure, undivided, uninterrupted wedded union—talk of the gliding of “the smooth current of domestic joy,”—it was a delusion. Home-life without daily, constant intercourse,—without that indissoluble unity which concentrates, constitutes, and hallows that life,—is a mockery. Home then becomes but a name,—a melancholy reflection,—a downhearted, vacuous existence.

It is a miserable sight to see a train-load of Mormon emigrants arrive. Worn and weary, covered with dust, they are herded together like cattle, and huddled into their temporary resting-places until their destinations are fixed. The bulk of them are from the poorest and lowest strata of society. There are fine young women and girls among them,—poor, pitiable creatures, deluded from their virtuous homes to become inmates of a Mormon harem. If there are any English-speaking girls among them, they are at once hurried away to distant country towns.

They are not allowed to remain in Salt Lake City, except under close supervision, because there they readily find employment in Gentile households, when they at once reject and renounce Mormonism.

Still more deplorable is the mode of selection and distribution of the marriageable young girls after their arrival. The bishops and elders of the Church have the first choice, and then the rest are portioned off to different men, according to the description applied for. There is no consideration whatever for the woman's wishes and feelings in so vital a matter. She must take the man to whom she has been allotted. She is picked out as it were a heifer out of a herd, and packed off to her new home to a man she has never before seen.

Generally, when a man wants another wife, he informs the agent or elder before the arrival of an emigrant train of the kind of woman required. The elder, on the train's arrival, selects the article described, and despatches it to its destination, like any common piece of merchandise. An elder was overheard informing a Mormon in a

country town that there were some nice young English girls in a shipment daily expected. The Mormon, who had already three wives, said he could do with a fourth, and described the kind of girl he wanted. Personal appearance was everything,—a fine, young, buxom lass,—all else, character, good qualities, &c., went for nought.

Woman certainly holds a very inferior place in Mormon estimation. As in all benighted, heathen, polygamous countries, she occupies a very degraded position. A Mormon holding one of the highest offices in the territory, a ruler selected by suffrage, expressed the most contemptible opinions of womankind. He spoke of the fair sex in the most derogatory and offensive terms. Yet he was a chosen leader and representative of the people! Well may the poet exclaim :—

Arise ! ye senators ! arise ye sons of toil !
Erase this curse off from your fairest soil !

CHAPTER XIV.

The Mountain Meadow Massacre.—The Danites, or Destroying Angels.—A Cruel Murder.—The Danite Chief.—Extremes Meet.—Erroneous Views Corrected.—Government Interference Necessary.—Mr. Gladstone's Objections Answered.—A Reforming Lady Enthusiast.—An Anti-Mormon League.

NO account of Mormonism can be complete without a brief allusion to the cruel Mountain Meadow massacre, and the murdering organisation called the Danites, or destroying angels. Some short notice of these is necessary, in order to exemplify the peculiar and vindictive characteristics of modern latter-day saintliness.

A large and rich convoy of one hundred and seventy emigrants, with property amounting to sixty thousand pounds sterling, had to cross the Mormon territory on their way to new homes further west. They

came from Arkansas; and because an Arkansas man had at one time murdered a Mormon elder, therefore that Mormon elder's death must be avenged. The Mormons all throughout the country were prohibited, under pain of death, to supply the convoy with food, clothing, medicine, or render them any assistance whatever. When the convoy arrived at a place called Mountain Meadows, they were attacked by Indians instigated by the Mormons. The emigrants, being well armed, barricaded themselves and defeated the Indians. They were then attacked by the Mormons, but so resolutely did they defend themselves, that they held even the Mormons at bay. The Mormons, thereupon, by alluring hopes and promises, induced the emigrants to lay down their arms and come outside their barricades, where they would be perfectly safe and unharmed. No sooner had they laid down their arms, and left their defences, than the treacherous and bloodthirsty Mormons attacked the defenceless men, women, and children, and murdered them all in cold blood—all save two or three

little ones, supposed to be too young to repeat the story. Men and women, aged and young, mothers and daughters, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and little children were all brutally slaughtered, and left on the plain weltering in their gore.

The property was all seized by the Mormon government, and the spoil divided amongst themselves and the murderers. Years afterwards one of the surviving children recognised a dress her mother wore, and this little incident led to the detection of the leaders of the crime. The chief perpetrator was a Mormon bishop, who, acting under superior orders, personally directed the whole cruel, cold-blooded butcheries. He was tried, convicted, and shot on the very place where the horrible slaughter was perpetrated.

Among the worst features of the Mormon hierarchy was the fearful engine of death and vengeance they wielded in the Danites, or destroying angels, as they were also called. The Danites were a body of villains of the lowest type banded together in a secret society, to assassinate any one

obnoxious or hostile to the Mormon Church. They were the terror of the country in the early days of the settlement. Though the band is now broken up by the presence of American troops, the evil spirit still remains lurking about, only wanting an opportunity to burst forth again in all its virulent vindictiveness.* They had secret signs and signals which enabled them to commit their murderous work, even in a crowd, without detection. They called murder "removing," or "meeting with a bad accident."

One of the last murders committed by this infamous gang was the most cold-blooded, heartless, and cruel that could possibly be conceived. A medical man of high repute in Salt Lake City, popular amongst the Gentiles, but not at all in favour among the Mormons, was ordered

* In a recent local newspaper appeared the following statement :—At a meeting held at one of the out-stations a Mormon speaker was introduced by one of the elders of the Church to the audience, with this emphasised recommendation, that he was "the first man who had killed a Gentile in Utah. Listen to the words of truth and wisdom he will utter on this occasion !"

to be "removed." About eleven o'clock one evening a message was brought to him in great haste, requiring his immediate attendance on one of his patients, who was seriously ill. Hastening forth, just as he had turned the corner of a street into the dark shadow of a high wall, he was suddenly seized by ruffians and stabbed to death. So rapidly was the cruel assassination perpetrated that a couple of persons, only a few paces behind, on turning round the same corner just afterwards, saw the doctor lying on the ground in a pool of blood—dead. Not a sign of any one was visible anywhere near the place, and the murder remains to this day one of the mysteries of the city.

The chief of the Danites was the infamous Porter Rockwell, a man of short stature, compact and powerful frame. He had small, blue, twinkling eyes, with a peculiar expression of face—a mixture of disgust and contempt. He was made chief of the band for shooting one of the State Governors of Missouri in the early troubles of the Church. He was called the Samson of the Church,

blessed in the name of the Deity, and told that no bullet would touch him so long as his hair and beard were kept uncut. Hence he kept his hair tied up in two braids across the back of his head. His beard was thin and short. He was very ignorant, could not even write his name, was extremely superstitious, a believer in ghosts, hobgoblins, witches, evil spirits, and the divinity of the Mormon priesthood. It is said he was guilty of at least one hundred murders, and he was the repository of many of the most dangerous secrets of the Mormon hierarchy. At the time of his death, a few years ago, he was under an indictment for murder. His death caused a sigh of relief to the priesthood, who quaked with fear at the horrible revelations their panic-stricken consciences dreaded would be made at the impending trial.

His end was an appalling one. As his long wicked career was drawing to its close, the spirits of his murdered victims seemed to rise up in terrible array, like avenging furies, and disturb his midnight slumbers. There was a roadside well in a lonely desert place,

into which half a dozen bodies had been thrown, which he dared not pass after sunset. He was haunted by ghosts, and was too frightened to sleep alone or in the dark. The long and fearful catalogue of his crimes arose in apparitions before him in all the hideousness of their ghastly reality. His fevered brain was racked with the most excruciating pangs of remorse. He trembled at shadows, quaked even at his own, and fled from everybody. He fled when no man pursued him. His mystic, occult rites of witchcraft and weird incantations, in which he was a firm believer, no longer afforded him any relief. He could not banish the spectral horrors grimly glaring at him from within the dismal sepulchre of his tortured soul. In the madness of despair he flies to intoxicants for consolation, for his religion could afford him none. He was rarely ever found sober, and finally ended his life suddenly in a drunken debauch. So terribly closed a terrible life immolated on the demoniacal altar of the modern Moloch of abominations.

Enough has been said to illustrate the

various phases and characteristics of Mormondom. It is a remarkable fact that in Salt Lake City we have the contact of the two extremes of religious beliefs, viz., Mormonism and Roman Catholicism. The Mormons uphold polygamy, their priests and elders being its principal patrons and votaries. Their great high priest or president had eighteen wives. The Roman Catholics, on the other hand, strictly forbid marriage among their priests, and compel them to a life of celibacy. Let those most interested endeavour to reconcile these singularly conflicting doctrines.

Here, also, must be noticed another important consideration. Look at the melancholy position of those who abandon, or are abandoned by, Mormonism. Having cast off their creed, they are thrown, like helpless waifs, on an ocean of uncertainty, tossed about without any guide, their minds all chaos, their future all darkness. Some of these distracted ones hold meetings on Sundays for the purpose of seeking for light and truth. These meetings are free to all. Any one who desires may speak and pro-

pound any religious view or doctrine he likes. Thus the vain hope is indulged in that, by groping about gloomily, some truth may emanate out of a Babel of divergent and discordant utterances. The fate of others again may be best depicted in the lines of Martin Tupper :—

He pinned the safety of his soul on some false
prophet's sleeve,
And then that sure word failed ; and with it
failed his faith ;
It failed and fell ; O deep and dreadful was his
fall in faith.
He could not stop with Reason's rein his coursers
on the slope,
And so they dashed him down the cliff of
hardened unbelief.

It has been alleged by the advocates of polygamy, as a palliative, that “the women do not desert the spot to which they have been enticed,” and that “there is no evidence that after they are there, they desire to move to the wifeless lands” further west on the Pacific slope. Instances have been already given to show that among English-speaking women at least, to their honour be it said, there is such evidence,—there is a

horror of Mormonism,—a longing to throw off its trammels, and fly from its pernicious surroundings. Whenever a chance has occurred of escaping, it has been seized upon with avidity. But opportunities are extremely rare. In fact, flight is now almost impossible, because English-speaking girls are no longer allowed to remain in Salt Lake City except under rigid sectarian supervision. When this cannot be obtained, they are packed off immediately, according to requisitions received, to remote country districts peopled only by Mormons. Every avenue of escape is thus effectually closed against them, so completely are they excluded from all contact with the outer world. Once they have reached their future remote homes, they cannot possibly get away, no matter how anxiously they might wish it. Penniless and helpless, utterly destitute, they are entirely dependent on their sectarian surroundings for the very means of subsistence. The Mormons are liberal enough with their money to get their dupes to their destinations, but once within the iron grasp, the screw is put on, and down comes the

cloven foot. The truth is then revealed in all its naked hideousness. Escape is just as impossible as if the women were incarcerated in a dungeon under strong guards.

This may seem strange, yet it is, nevertheless, the fact. The outlying villages and districts are widely scattered, like oases in a desert. To fly from one settlement to seek a refuge from hunger and death in another is only to be seized and sent back again. To attempt to reach some distant Gentile town on foot by a circuitous route would be to get lost, and die a lingering, agonising death in a barren, desolate wilderness.

It has further been stated, as an extenuation of plural marriages, that 23,000 Mormon wives and daughters petitioned for the rejection of the law against polygamy.

This is easily explained. All those women who seem so infatuated with their sect, and have by habit grown reconciled to continue under its peculiar institutions, know perfectly well that if polygamy were abolished and all local Mormon laws on the subject abrogated, none but the first wife would have any

locus standi whatever. The concubines (we may as well call things by their right names) would be thrown outside the pale of even Mormon society, without a vestige of propriety to countenance or console them in their utterly forlorn condition. They would hence naturally enough think 'tis better "to bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

The Right Honourable Mr. Gladstone has been appealed to twice recently to interfere in the matter, but has declined. He "presumes the young people go voluntarily." Is not this a questionable presumption? Does any one who is unwittingly drawn into the meshes of a swindler and swindled "go voluntarily?" Does any one who is inveigled into a lonely spot and murdered "go voluntarily?" How then can a young, innocent woman, who is enticed away to a distant land by plausible tales and promises, only to be deceived and robbed of all happiness in this world, "go voluntarily?" There is no presumptive evidence that they "go voluntarily," but there is ample, substantial evidence that they are duped and

victimised by fraud and falsehood. They may seem to go of their own free will, but that free will has been blinded and imposed upon by the seductive artifices of designing knaves. The Mormon emissaries to this country present only the glowing front of the picture, leaving the horrible reverse to be discovered when it is too late. The interference of the Government in some form is imperative to put an end to an inhuman and cruel traffic carried on under the guise of religion.

Some years ago a glowing and seductive emigration scheme to South America was started in England. Numbers were attracted away to the new land of promise, to find on arrival that they had been grossly misled and deceived. Still, the promoters of the project worked on in this country continuing to inveigle fresh dupes. At last the Government wisely took the matter in hand, and issued a circular, which was posted up conspicuously in the post-offices throughout the United Kingdom, cautioning the people against the scheme. This at once extinguished it. Surely the Government can

now interfere in the same way. Let a circular be issued cautioning the public against the machinations of Mormon emissaries,—informing the public that polygamy is practised in Utah, contrary to the United States laws,—that young women going out there run the risk of being *sealed* (not legally married) to a man who probably has already one or more so-called wives, and being forced into a degraded position against her will. Were such a cautionary notice placarded at every post-office throughout the kingdom, it would frustrate the wily efforts of the Mormon missionaries who are annually sent over to England, with ample means, to entrap the young and unwary, under the meretricious and flimsy veil of Latter-day Saint Christianity.

Moreover, such a step would happily harmonise with the views of the American Government, by assisting them materially in the measures they are now adopting to stamp out polygamy. This heathen institution would soon die out if the western harems were not being continually replenished by young and unsuspecting dupes an-

nually entrapped and imported from Europe. Ten thousand victims are yearly deluded away, to be engulfed in the vortex of a sanctimonious licentiousness.

It may be argued that it helps Europe to deplete itself of a part of its surplus population. There may be some force in this, but there is ample room in America for all the surplus population of Europe, without proceeding to a territory that is enslaved under a degrading system. A people who are, *de facto*, a community of outlaws,—whose early history presents a catalogue of criminal horrors, and whose constitution is as wild a fraud as was ever perpetrated on credulous humanity.

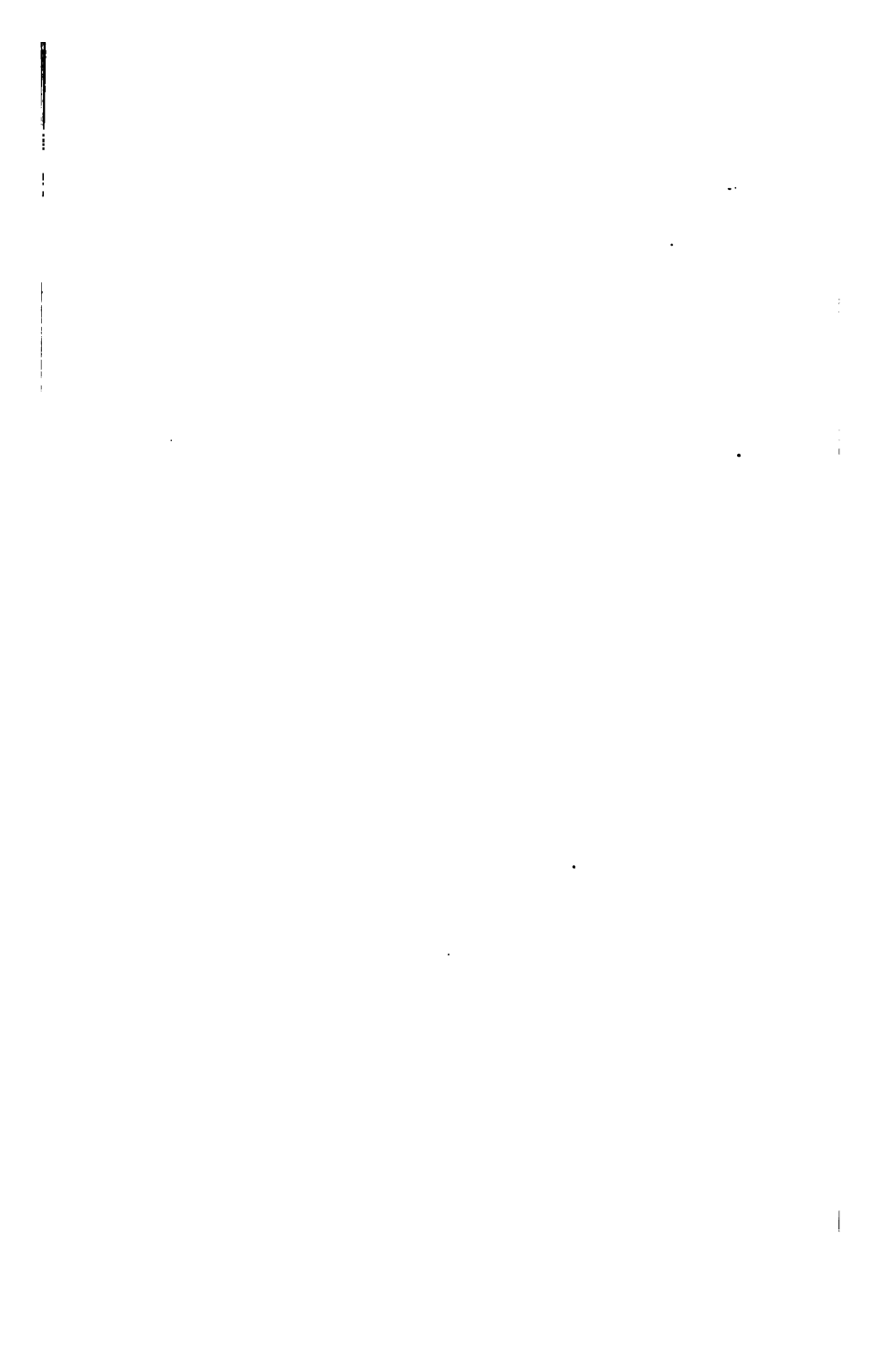
This may be thought strong language, and if it be not justified by what has been set forth, there would be no difficulty in substantiating it more forcibly from Mormon literature. It is unnecessary to pollute these pages with quotations, which are horrible in the extreme, if nothing worse. One extract will suffice. Brigham Young, in depicting the character of his saints, says, in his “Journal of Discourses”:—“They

are the smoothest liars, the most adroit thieves, the meanest curses that are to be found on the face of the earth." He boasts "that whoever can be brought into competition with them, they can beat them at anything, because they have men amongst their priesthood that are full of hell."

It is only recently that a good and amiable Christian lady, of private means, in a moment of laudable enthusiasm started off for Salt Lake City to labour amongst her Mormon sisters, with the view of endeavouring to rescue them from their degraded position. She has committed a great mistake. Little good is to be done by going into the lion's mouth—into the midst of a bigoted fanaticism. It would have been far better had she remained at home at the fountain-head, mixing among her poor sisters in this country, finding out where the Mormon emissaries were working, and counteracting their operations.

If the Government cannot be prevailed upon to act, it would be advisable to form an anti-Mormon society, with its headquarters in London. For years past at

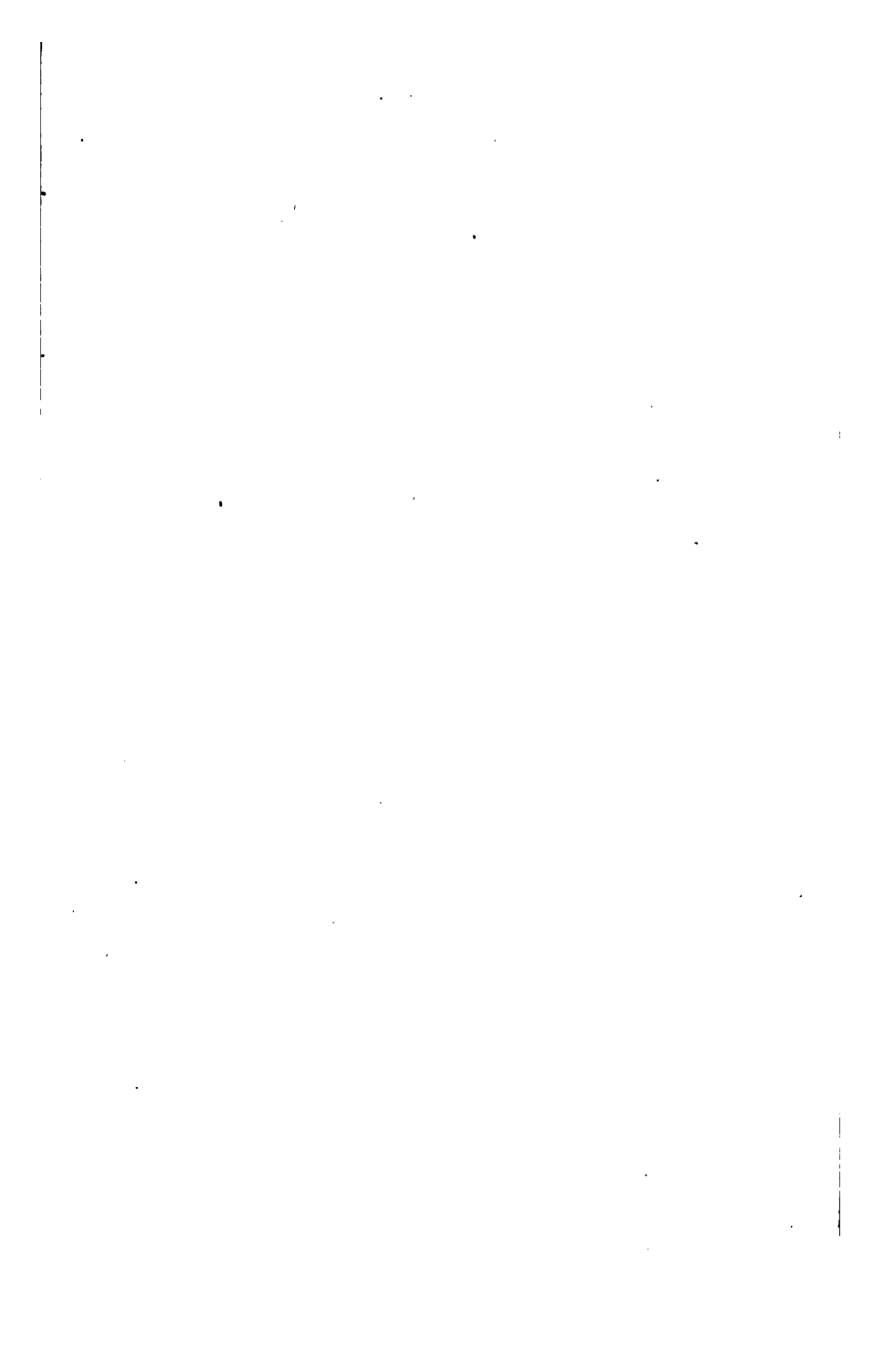
Bristol, active steps have been taken in counteracting the workings of the Mormon emissaries, by exposing their frauds and fallacies in public lectures. Mr. R. Walton, of Bristol, has been most energetic in this way, and worked so successfully that the Mormons who visit Bristol find they cannot make any progress there. If similar measures were organised in the principal towns of this kingdom, the Mormons would soon be hooted out of the country. The difficulty sometimes is to discover the scene of their labours. It is chiefly among servant girls, and in the poorest and lowest districts. They work secretly, by means of alluring notices and pamphlets distributed stealthily, especially in places where they have already obtained proselytes, and the ground is in some measure prepared for their operations. The mining and manufacturing districts, and Wales in particular, are their favourite hunting-grounds.



OUT WEST.



*PART V.—DISCURSIVE NOTES AND
RETURN.*



CHAPTER XV.

A Political Outlook.—A Religious Novelty.—Homeward Bound.—Train Escorted by Military.—A Railway Strike.—Trains Wrecked.—A Riot.—A Volley. — Forty Killed. — Flight of Rioters. — Niagara Falls and Bridge. — The Voyage. — The Emerald Isle.—A Celtic Story.—History Repeating Itself.— A Paradox. — Hero Manufacture. — Unprincipled Agitators.—Story of an Irish Agitator. —Disinterested Patriotism.—Origin of the Land Agitations.—Princess Alice's Prophecy Fulfilled.—Home at Last.—Conclusion.

THERE is a crucial, constitutional question sure to arise sooner or later. It is even now occupying men's minds more or less. The bare announcement of it will either create a smile or be laughed at as a chimerical absurdity. The day is coming when there will be another conflagration,—another attempt at separation, another tremendous conflict. It will not be again between the North and South, but between

the Eastern and Western States. There will come a great national upheaval, and a division of the continent into two separate Eastern and Western Republics. The huge partition wall of the Rocky Mountains will become the natural line of demarcation. There are signs afloat of this coming struggle. There are whisperings and mutterings in the air, which occasionally break out into openly-expressed opinions. That the far western states should be ruled from Washington, some three thousand miles away, and subject to the control of a distant central Government is becoming to be felt as intolerable. In the opinion of many, the United States have grown too large and unwieldy. The western states are growing restive and ambitious to have all the paraphernalia of Government, with all its authority, emoluments, and privileges, nearer home. Since the chance of the Presidentship is open to every man, young America begins to think that it would be better if there were two Presidents, and thus duplicate the prospects of realising one's ambitious dreams of power and patron-

age. But the time will not be yet. The States on the Pacific slope are too weak and the population sparse. They are at present too much in a vegetating condition.

Whenever this disruption threatens, if it leads to open war, it will be a terrible contest and frightful calamity. It will be a prolonged, desperate, and sanguinary struggle, for the Rocky Mountains will present a long, formidable line of natural fortifications between the contending parties. On the other hand, if wisdom prevails and all ends in a peaceful solution, there may be a peaceful separation on a mutually advantageous basis,—a division regarding internal government, laws, and institutions, with separate Presidents, but an indissoluble union against all external enemies.

A great crowd was assembled in the street opposite the post-office one evening. A man was standing on a table haranguing the people. He was holding forth on some religious topic. His audience was a mixed one of Mormons and Gentiles. He was propounding some alleged new form of religion. The thesis of his argument was

singular, and his mode of enunciation still more so, if not hazy and mystical. He argued that "man and woman were created to reflect upon space the majesty, glory, beauty, purity, and power of Deity, and in a perfect reflection to retain their own soul's individuality, and yet in diverse ways manifest their unity and identity with the original Model, of which the true universalism is a correct copy and nothing more." Some of his propositions were terse and didactic, as follows :—

The Ideal the only True and Eternal.

Deity the sole, single, and collective Unit.

Unity the base of Strength.

All from One, all to One, all in One, all through
the Middle (Christ), and All in All.

The Created the shadow only of Deity.

Deity is a composite of Principles and Attributes.

All souls emanate from Deity.

All souls return to Deity.

He alluded to the fall of the human race at Eden by disobedience, and his plan of salvation was crude. "Heed the voice of Deity within you : as you hear it, speak it ; do as it commands, die by persecution, and conquer in the act of dying for disobedience !" He

then went into some disjointed, incorrect, and incoherent utterances about the heathen mythology. Mixed up Hindoo and Buddhist traditions in a most confused manner, clothing them in strange, unintelligible language, as if he purposely meant to mystify the audience. In fact, while professing to enlighten his hearers with some new revelation, he disclosed nothing.

When he had finished his discourse, he offered small tracts for sale at a dollar apiece, containing an account of the new "theogony," which were rapidly bought up. It was then evident that the man was merely an adventurer, and his lecture only a ruse to make money by the sale of worthless tracts containing the most arrant rubbish that was ever perpetrated. The ruse was certainly a very clever one and very successful.

While the tracts were being rapidly sold, there was a good deal of pleasant banter; and when the lecturer announced his intention to lecture again the following evening, a Mormon called out that he would be there to dispute with him. To this the lecturer replied, "Very likely; I shall expect you :

there is never an assemblage of people but Satan is amongst them!"

After this humorous repartee, the crowd dispersed.

However questionable this itinerant lecturer's theology may have been, his mode of earning a livelihood was harmless compared with that of the professed infidel lecturer. The streets of the city were one day placarded with announcements that America's greatest orator had arrived. His advent had been previously advertised and heralded for days in the local press. I was told by no means to miss the lecture, as it would be a great treat. The speaker was a splendid orator, and all Salt Lake City would be there. The admission was a dollar each. I accordingly went early to secure a good place. The hall was soon crammed, till there was not even standing room. The prelude to the lecture consisted of commonplace, prosy platitudes. The lecturer then dilated on the theory of evolution, with a quantity of claptrap about "a man in a dug-out," mixed up with atheistical doctrines of the worst type. It

was the most painful exhibition of clever ignorance that could possibly be conceived. Annoyed and disgusted, I tried in vain to get out, the crush was too great. The most astonishing part of all was that when the lecturer made a rabid and most blasphemous infidel remark it was loudly applauded. As for oratory, there was none, it was the most childish twaddle. Hence, my estimate of the intelligence of a Salt Lake audience and America's greatest orator fell below zero.

Suddenly a cablegram summoned me to return immediately to London. Abandoning the rest of my contemplated journey to San Francisco, and exchanging the remaining coupon of my ticket westward for a return one to New York, the next morning found me rolling away in a Pullman-sleeper homewards. The exquisite climate, delightful and health-inspiring air of the lovely Salt Lake valley, with all its unrivalled natural beauties, were left with feelings of the profoundest and most heart-felt regrets.

The close of the day prior to my

departure was occupied in a farewell contemplation from my balcony of the diversified panorama of a broad river winding along between rich green meadows, fertile plains, and expansive lake, with towering mountain ranges, whose bold outlines filled in the distant background. As the sun declined behind the western summits, amid glorious, everchanging colours of unwonted brilliancy, throwing long shadows across the valley, and tinting the snow-tipped peaks of the opposite ranges with the brightest golden hues, the scene appeared surpassingly beautiful. The rustling trees seemed to murmur a plaintive adieu, while watching for the last time the closing and toning down of the lovely picture. Deeper and deeper the evening shades came dimly folding over, gradually obscuring one object after another, until all imperceptibly blended and vanished into nocturnal gloom. It was the fitting dissolution of a vision of beauty never perhaps to be seen again, save through the dim shadowings of memory's loveliest reflections.

After passing over the Rocky Mountains,

and descending the Atlantic slope, it was reported that a band of marauders were out on the prairie, having attacked and plundered the train that had just passed us going westward. A strong military guard, therefore, was attached to our train, and travelled with us all night. However, we passed the points of danger unmolested, arriving safely at Omaha next morning. Here we were informed that there was a general strike on all the railway lines east of Chicago, and it was doubtful if we could proceed beyond the latter place. The train, nevertheless, would be sent on to go as far as it could. The following afternoon, when we had reached within ten miles of Chicago, we were stopped and informed that it was doubtful if we could get into the city. The rioters had in the morning wrecked the depôt or station, as also the trains that had attempted to leave, seriously injuring some of the passengers. We were further informed that the rioters had collected again outside the city, and were waiting to waylay and wreck our train as it came in. The military had, however,

turned out, and were marching to disperse them.

This exciting information made every one look to their weapons, and all those who had revolvers at once got them in readiness for action. After a brief delay, the train started off again at a creeping pace. On nearing the outskirts of the city, we beheld a great crowd in the distance, and heard much tumult. A messenger on horseback met us and ordered the train to go back to a road-crossing some distance off, where omnibuses and wagons would meet us, to take all the passengers and luggage into the city by a circuitous route. It was impossible, he stated, for the train to get to the city, for a fight was then going on on the railway between the military and the mob. The train accordingly backed to the road-crossing indicated, to await further instructions. In about an hour the vehicles came up, into which we were speedily transferred with our baggage, and driven to our destinations.

The whole city was in a commotion. All shops and places of business were closed, and the excitement was intense. Landed

safely at the Palmer House Hotel, the details of the uproar were soon gathered. After the railway *employés* had struck work, all the idle rabble,—tramps, thieves, and bad characters of the town,—forming into a mob, attacked and wrecked the railway stations, in search of loot and plunder. They attacked the passengers in the trains ready to start, robbing and seriously wounding many of them. On our train being sighted in the distance, they rushed off along the railway track to waylay, plunder, and destroy it. The military were then sent out, with orders to protect the train and disperse the mob. When the military came up, the mob refused to disperse, but assumed a defiant attitude. The leaders of the mob were four tall, powerful, well-known desperadoes. Stones were thrown and pistols fired at the troops. Immediately a well-directed volley from the troops killed forty of the rioters dead on the spot, including the four leaders, and wounded eighty more. The rest then took to their heels and disappeared. Thus this dangerous riot, which threatened at one time the destruction and pillage of

the entire city, by sharp, prompt, and energetic measures, at once collapsed. The authorities, however, still feared the rioters might collect again during the night, to revenge themselves on the citizens, so every necessary precaution was taken. The Palmer House assumed a warlike appearance. The smoking and reading rooms were piled with arms and ammunition, ready for use at a moment's notice. The superb Palmer House would have held its own in case of an *émeute*, for, besides being a magnificent fire-proof building, there were a very large number of military and gentlemen occupying it at the time.

The night passed off quietly, and the next morning there were no signs whatever of the rioters. The city began to settle down again and assume a more peaceful aspect. The sharp, decisive action had taught the rioters a severe lesson, and had at once quenched their depredatory ardour. Desperate cases require active and desperate treatment. Vacillating and temporising only add fuel to the kindling flame. "I knew my boys meant business," remarked the

commander of the troops, in reply to an observation.

It subsequently transpired that the Hibernian element mustered strong amongst the rioters. In fact, the Irish element is becoming a very serious one in America, and the Government are fully alive to its menacing character, particularly as an anticipated source of future danger. As an Irishman naïvely remarked, "We erect your cities, make your railways, open out your country, build your jails, and then fill them for you!"

It was announced that a train for New York would start the following morning, making a detour through Canada, to avoid the strike-disturbed districts. This would afford an opportunity to see Niagara Falls. At 8 a.m. we were bowling away in the train for Canada, and after travelling all day and night, reached the Niagara Falls station the following morning. A few hours were allowed here to enable a visit to the Falls, the thunder of which could be heard in the distance. The sight is very grand and imposing, but somewhat disappointing to an imagination wound up to the highest

pitch by glowing descriptions to expect something supernaturally magnificent and overwhelmingly awe-inspiring. The most impressive part was the stunning thunder of the roaring waters. On looking down from the edge of the cliff into the deep gorge below the falls, watching the immense volume of seething waters, whirling, tossing, and rolling over in huge foaming masses at a frightful pace, with a ceaseless, deafening roar, it seemed physically impossible for any human being to have the most distant chance in endeavouring to swim the terrific torrent. It would be worse than tempting Providence;—it would be simply committing suicide under the plausible disguise of aiming at the achievement of a feat of mad impossibility.

Near to the Niagara Falls station is an object of unusual interest, viz., the Railway Suspension Bridge, which spans across the huge, yawning abyss, foaming and roaring hundreds of feet below. This bridge connects Canada with the United States. The trains proceed very slowly over, the span being of unusual dimensions. It is a won-

derful structure, and what strikes as most wonderful of all is how it could possibly have been constructed. How could those huge, Titanic chains have possibly been conveyed across that tremendous, raging chasm? It must have taxed human ingenuity and skill to the utmost, and been a terribly dangerous operation. Yet, like Columbus with the egg, it was accomplished in an exceedingly simple manner. First, a kite was flown across, attached to a very strong cord. This cord drew over a stronger one, and then a stronger still. Then came a thin, iron-wire rope, followed by stronger ones in succession, until the cables themselves were finally carried across and the bridge erected.

Resuming the journey in the afternoon, the next morning New York was reached just as the sun was rising over the city. It was a most brilliant spectacle. The extent, variety, splendour, and depth of colouring exceeded anything that could possibly have ever been witnessed. Nothing could have been more glorious and magnificent.

The first available steamer found me once more bounding homewards across the Atlantic. There was only a sprinkling of passengers, it being the dull season of the year. Hence, there was little remarkable to record. The voyage was monotonous, though an unusually rapid one. It seemed as if you had scarcely time to shake down into your places before you had to prepare to land again. In a few days the coast of Ireland was sighted. It was a bright, calm morning as we steamed rapidly along the southern shores of the Emerald Isle. The neat-looking farm buildings and dwellings, cresting the rocky cliffs and scattered about in the midst of rich green fields, betokened homely pictures of quietness and comfort. Heavy mists, which floated about in irregular masses, preventing a clear and extended view inland, were the only drawback, even if they might be construed into anything ominous. It was impossible to conceive that beneath such a placid surface the country was fermenting under the incipient throes of disaffection and menacing rebellion.

To what, then, is the present deplorable

state of anarchy attributable? Is it not to want of foresight, energy, and decision? Reverting to the promptitude with which the disturbances at Chicago were quelled, before they attained ungovernable proportions, might not a warning lesson be inculcated? When danger is imminent, a temporising, vacillating, and pusillanimous policy is fraught with mischief and leads to destruction. Had "the Irish" difficulty been met at its genesis with a bold, determined policy, the disloyal agitators would never have gained ground, nor obtained any hold upon the people. In dealing with a Celtic rabble, it is necessary to thoroughly comprehend the Celtic character, with all its noisy vivacity, excitability, and demonstrativeness. A Celtic *ouvrier* expresses himself in a loud, threatening, and violent manner, while all the time it is mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing." This is aptly exemplified in the story of "Beggar's Bush," a wild common on the southern outskirts of Dublin, once dotted over with briar-bushes. The story runs that, in olden days, when policemen were unknown, this lonely spot

was frequented by a stalwart Irishman, who made himself the terror of the locality. He used to place his hat in the centre of the road, then crouch down behind a bush on the roadside, armed with a blunderbuss. Whenever any one approached his hat, he would jump up from behind the bush, level his blunderbuss at the passer-by in a menacing manner, roaring out in stentorian tones :

“Put all the money you have into that hat, or ——”

The traveller, naturally enough, put his money into the hat, being only too glad to escape with his life.

One day, however, a powerful, fire-eating fellow - countryman came along, and on coming up to the hat was received with the usual threatening salute :

“Put all your money into that hat, or ——”

The man in the road turned round, and, facing the highwayman, brandishing his shillelagh in a bold, belligerent attitude, exclaimed,

“Or what?”

“Or get you gone out of that!” was the instant reply.

“Arrah, thin, is that all?” returned Paddy, kicking the hat out of his way, and whistling as he went leisurely along.

Just so, when braggartism and bounce are met with a bold, fearless attitude the trick collapses. Just so, when reckless agitators, a few years ago, began their spoliating and denunciatory philippics, had a firm, determined front been shown, the bubble would have burst, the inflated wind-bag collapsed. But some statesmen have an aptitude for delay. There is too much *vis inertia* to enable them to foresee and forestall events. Prescience is too much exertion. There is a halting between conflicting opinions, regardless of the axiom, that to hesitate is to be lost. It was so in the Indian Mutiny of 1857. There were ample warnings, but they were apathetically unheeded, until the tempest burst in all its terrible realities, sweeping like an angel of death over the land and deluging it with innocent blood. An immense expenditure of additional blood and treasure, which might otherwise have been avoided, was hence rendered compulsory in order to

avenge the murdered and reconquer the country. It is being repeated in Ireland, where the bulk of a peaceful peasantry have been allowed to be transformed into disloyal, cruel assassins and dynamitards. It is being repeated in South Africa, where the British flag has to be ignominiously hidden to avoid insult, and solemn conventions are disregarded. It is being repeated in Egypt, where evils are accumulating, while the world stands aghast, astounded.

The strangest phenomenon of the day is the professional agitator. If he has a grievance, it is more imaginary than real. Yet, singularly enough, he lives and thrives upon it. The greater uproar he makes, the more it aids him in his noisy business. The intelligent public despise him, yet he trades on the gullibility of the credulous, and finds dupes to follow his vagaries. But the most marvellous still of all is that he finds a ready support in the Press. This is the strangest paradox. The Press, while it is the vanguard of liberty, the pioneer of progress, the palladium of national honour, union, and prosperity, does it not at the same

time, by too profusely disseminating "wrong and robbery," supply an incentive to lawlessness and anarchy?

Let there be no misunderstanding. In these days of multiplied, diffused literature, is not the surest way to attract notoriety to strike out into some new agitation and hold public meetings? The more novel, inconsistent, incongruous, and even seditious the agitation, the more chance of success. The great secret is public meetings, for then the Press will notice them. Is it not a fact that, in the eagerness of rival press associations and news agencies to obtain news and give full accounts of even trivialities, reporters are always on the alert and hasten to public meetings to report the proceedings, which are duly chronicled in the daily papers? Is it not a fact that an agitation which might have died a natural death is thus rescued from oblivion, fanned into a flame, and magnified into importance? Does it not grow and expand under the fostering nurture of the Press, until it develops and matures into monstrous, Frankenstein proportions? Does it not thus attain to a strength and

power that would otherwise have been impossible? Is not the excitement, too, constantly kept up till it is overdone *ad nauseam*, while the agitators reap a rich harvest by the gratuitous advertisement of their nefarious doctrines and designs?

Yet is it not even worse? Is not this paradoxical system carried sometimes a step too far? Is it not supplemented by questionable, sensational telegrams, which only serve to foster ruffianism? The law courts have recently testified how startling news with elaborate details can be amplified, if not invented, out of the most slender skeleton-grams.

Does it not seem, then, that in this diffusive age, to proclaim any novel or extraordinary heresy, be it even outlawism, spoliation, sedition, or dismemberment of an empire, is to secure the flattering attention of an ever-vigilant Press? Do not the Press record your incensive speeches, your movements and doings, by conspicuous notices? Do they not magnify you into the hero of the hour, gratuitously advertise your cause, and chronicle your progress, while,

admiring their liberality, you parade the country as if you were a regal potentate ?

An unprincipled agitator, who is often a needy adventurer, is the bane and ruin of any community. He lives in luxury at the expense of the miserable dupes who believe in and support him. While he makes them the tools for carrying out his wicked designs, he also makes them find the money for the purpose. While he cleverly feathers his own nest, and escapes, his wretched dupes suffer. Like a Briarean monster, the unprincipled agitator spreads his slimy claws over the land, and, while aggrandising himself, consumes the vitality of a nation, totally regardless of all ulterior consequences.

A gentleman is travelling in a first-class compartment to a provincial town. His fellow-traveller is a well-dressed working man. In the course of the journey, it turns out the working man is proceeding as the chosen delegate from a body of working men to some town where a meeting is to be held. On being asked what he would have to do, he replied :

"Dunno; they gave me twenty pun, told me to travel fuss-class, go to fuss-class hotels, and attend meetings as a working man's delegate."

"And what are you going to do at the meetings?" he was further asked.

"Dunno; will have to say summat, I s'pose, to keep the pot bilin'! There's a big strike coming on."

There is a good story told of one of the Irish arch-agitators. He was at one time in urgent need of private funds. He applied to one of the Dublin banks for a large loan, in advance of so-called patriotic subscriptions he was expecting from the country districts. The bank was under deep obligations to him, and its depositors were mainly Roman Catholics. The loan was refused. The agitator rushes down to the bank parlour in a fury, and, on being again refused, exclaimed: "Who made you? I did. Who can break you? I can. Let me have that money, or I'll write to every priest in the country, to get up a run on the bank." The loan was at once granted. And this man

was worshipped as a model, glorious patriot !

It is the same tale all round. Who have profited most by agitations in the Sister Isle but the wily agitators themselves? Revert to the last century of Irish history, and who have profited most but the ringleaders? When the seditious exchequer is well filled, and the country grows too hot, they decamp with the booty. Every agitation is concealed personal interest. Disinterested patriotism is mere claptrap and vapour. Would pure, disinterested patriotism countenance unbridled lawlessness, cruelty to animals, spoliation, class conflicts, cold-blooded assassinations, diabolical outrages, and a reign of ruin and unparalleled terrorism? Would pure, noble, disinterested patriotism accept a gift of thirty-five thousand pounds, mostly wheedled out of the hard-earned savings of a too credulous, impoverished peasantry?

The disestablishment of the Irish Church is the origin of all this turbulent disaffection. You laugh. "Absurd!" you exclaim. Not at all. The Government spoliated the Church, and had a surplus of two millions

left. The people, it was alleged, wanted that two millions for themselves. An agitation was started. The people, it was said, naturally argued that, as the Government spoliated the Church, therefore they are entitled to the profits of that spoliation. The agitation grows. It expands. The Church surplus is partially distributed. The agitators are not satisfied, they must have more. They attack the landlords. They say, Since the Government confiscated Church property, why should we not confiscate the land? We have more right to do so. We have lived and toiled on it for generations, and paid more than its value in rent. Let us agitate, we will frighten a hesitating, truckling Government into terms. The agitation still thickens. The people, it is asserted, are still dissatisfied, they cry out for more. The two millions are not enough, the land is not enough, we must have the whole country to ourselves. We must fling off the British yoke ; we must have our own Government, with all its power, emoluments, pomp, and circumstance. That is what disestablishment has brought the

country to. "I do not quite see it," you say. Then explain this to me: when the present agitation first commenced, in a public room in a large hotel, a conversation arose among the visitors on Irish topics. The state of the country was discussed, and various remedial measures suggested. The Government should do this and that. A bystander asks, "Where is the money to come from for it all?" An Irish priest and his friend sharply exclaimed, almost simultaneously, "There are the two millions Church surplus!" Do you see it now, or are you still obtuse? Then, how do you account for the recent discovery in Birmingham of an organisation called "The Irish Republic," with 8,000 stand of arms already collected for raising a rebellion in Ireland; which organisation dates from 1869, the date of the Irish Church Disestablishment?

The late Princess Alice, in her talented and beautiful letters, when alluding to the Irish Church Disestablishment, was remarkably prophetic. "The Irish Church question," her Royal Highness wrote, "I quite

feel with you, will never be solved nor settled in this way ; and, instead of doing something which would bring the Catholics more under the authority of the State, they will, I fear, be the more powerful." So now we are reaping the foretold results. Hardly a day passes without producing some fresh verification of the above prophecy. The priests covertly and openly are instigating the people to rebellion. They take an active and prominent part in seditious meetings. The *Times* of August 11th says :—" Nearly all the Roman Catholic prelates in Ireland have given their adhesion to the ' National League.' " Again, on September 9th, the *Times* states that " the organisation of crime and outrage in Ireland is proceeding with more rapid strides in the provinces, under the auspices of the National League and with the benediction of the spiritual guides of the people." " That the meetings of the National League afford opportunities for disseminating far and wide the most pernicious doctrines subversive of property and liberty, of social order and Imperial authority." This, then, is the outcome of

a blind infatuation, based not on the noble principles of a magnanimous patriotism, not on a prescient, wise, and beneficent administration, but on the grovelling necessities of a time-serving, selfish partisanship.

This digression is a natural, irresistible corollary. In these days of unbridled selfishness, tarnished national honour, ostracised truth, revolutionary philippics, masked communism, raving infidelity, surging faction and confusion, it behoves even the humblest amongst us who can boast a spark of honest patriotism to express his convictions.

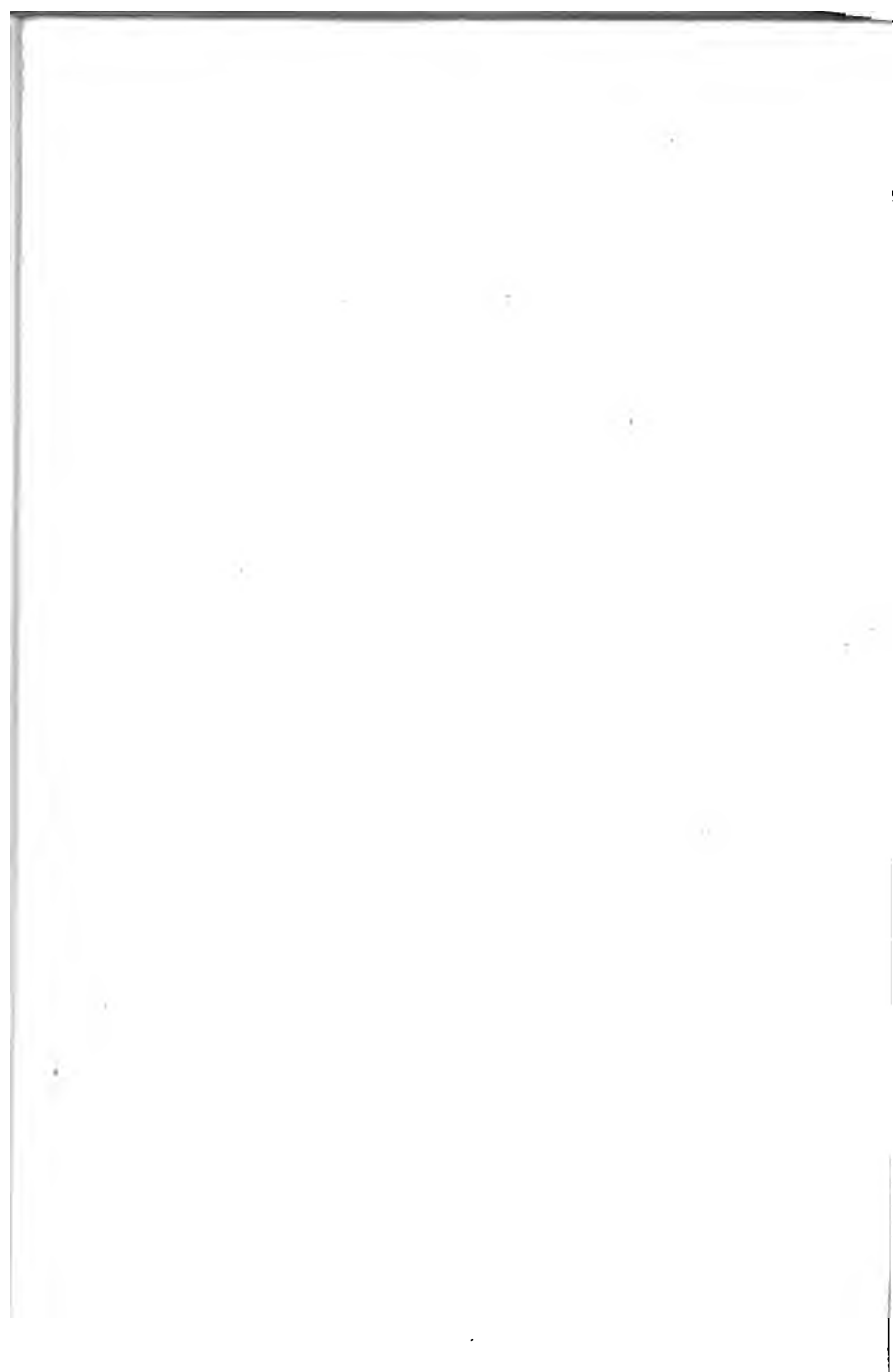
After landing the mails at Queenstown, we pursued our course, encountering a storm as we passed up the St. George's Channel. This was the only rough weather we had during the voyage. It was a bright frosty morning, when, after several months' absence, the author landed in Liverpool amidst friendly welcomes and cordial congratulations.

The author cannot close this *opuscule* without expressing his most sincere thanks and deepest gratitude to the many newly-made friends, whose kindness and hospitality enabled him to so thoroughly enjoy

his visit to the New World. If there was one point stood out more prominently than another, it was the genuine heartiness and good-feeling expressed everywhere towards the mother-country. Our American cousins think with us and feel with us. Our hopes, aims, wishes, and aspirations are all mutual. The welfare, honour, glory, and prosperity of Great Britain are prized and cherished by our cousins as dearly as if they were their own. Our history and progress are followed with as keen an avidity and attention as if it were a collateral part of theirs. They rejoice with our triumphs and successes, and feel pained and humiliated at our disasters, blunderings, or imbecility. This friendly feeling is paramount, and though the serenity of the surface is sometimes ruffled by a passing breeze, or the blatant ravings of insensate ruffianism, nevertheless, a sterling underflow of cordial sympathy predominates. May it ever continue to unite both sister-nations under the benignant influences of a common language, common aims and interests, and a common, though—through deplorable

diplomatic blindness—a divided cosmical, inheritance! May the day, too, be hastened when the march of enlightenment and civilisation will perforce cause all English-speaking and English-governed countries to be united into one colossal and philanthropic brotherhood, inseparable and immutable.

THE END.



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
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